THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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RACY SKETCHES

Of Irish Life and Scenery in the Famous County of Mayo.

The Oriental Customs of the Western Peasantry—Thackeray's Lack of Understanding.

The Glories of Croagh Patrick and Clew Bay.

CHURCH CONGREGATIONS.

To those accustomed to seeing both city and country congregations there are many [illegible] differences in the demeanor of [illegible] About the city people there is a quietness, very devotional and [illegible] suggestive of a care to give no distraction or distraction to their fellow-worshippers. In the Irish peasant congregation there is a simplicity of devotion, an unconsciousness of each other and an entire self forgetfulness—a letting their whole soul and their every thought show itself in face and attitude—often even in the earnest prayer said half-aloud. There is an utter forgetfulness of all but the God whom they are all met to adore; to whom they offer together their every petition, and make known in all simplicity their every sorrow and want. Here a man kneels, his hands clasped on the crook of his stick, his chin resting on the folded hands, his eyes immovably fixed on the face of the priest, whose words he seems to weigh and consider and ponder over, apparently comprehending the very spirit of each word. Near him a woman prays in the reverential Eastern attitude of devotion, the forehead touching the ground—the position so ridiculed by Thackeray, who, with all his splendid genius, sometimes allowed himself to laugh at that which he did not understand, and he was not aware that this is one of the remains of ancient Eastern customs among our people. Beside this hooded figure another prays in yet again an Eastern attitude of prayer—the arms extended in the form of a cross. This position of prayer is customary in some of the Irish churches and in a great many on the continent, and it, too, sometimes receives its share of ridicule from the thoughtless and ignorant; it has its origin far back in remote antiquity, and among Catholics has a two-fold significance. Many who talk of superstition when they enter a continental church, or when they see an Irish peasant praying with outstretched arms, would never dream of scoffing when they read in the Scriptures how the petitions of Moses were heard so long as he prayed with his arms uplifted and extended in this attitude of supplication, and how, when his arms dropped by his side from weariness, they were again uplifted and so supported for him until victory was with his army. From this circumstance there is a tradition, handed down from generation to generation, that whatever grace the suppliant asks of God, asking while the arms are so extended, will be granted. The second meaning of this attitude of prayer is to commemorate the painful position in which our Lord died upon the cross.

Such were the explanations given to me many years ago when I first observed and asked the meaning of customs I had so often seen in Ireland, and which struck me forcibly when again found on the continent.

LOOKING AROUND THE GALLERIES

and down on the congregation in Westport chapel brought back pictures of many an old fashioned church in other parts of Ireland; for, though well kept and handsomely proportioned, this of Westport is of the real old times style of the chapels or churches first erected after the penal times, and before any attempt to return to the style of the splendid old cathedrals and abbeys was possible; simple, unpretending, commodious, was all these chapels aimed at being. But truly, I thought, there was no lack of the old style of our race yet in the West, for a finer, more intelligent looking, or respectable people I had never seen than these hundreds of tall, comely men and women and youths who crowded round the altar rails that Sunday morning; yet I had the sad thought that perhaps this was the last time many a one among them should hear mass in Ireland, for I had been told at the hotel that on the next day but one three or four hundred peasants in one townland would be homeless—and what could many do but emigrate?—perhaps to harder poverty than they were fleeing from.

While awaiting the arrival of friends who were kindly to show us the neighborhood and its beauties, we chose a quiet hour, when nearly every inhabitant was at either Catholic or Protestant service, to take a stroll through the town and see its general aspect. Neat and pretty and prosperous looking it appeared, although its trade, both in linen and in exports of grain, has considerably gone down. Fifty years ago almost every farmer's house had its flax wheel and many of them a loom, and a good trade in linen was done. But the introduction of calico gradually superceded the general use of linen, and now it is rare to see a flax wheel in any cottage, while import of foreign grain has spoiled the Irish farmer's market, and there is no longer the large export that once brought considerable shipping business to Westport harbor. Still, notwithstanding the drain of emigration, the number of inhabitants, 4 469, scarcely differs from what it was in 1830.

All the roads rise at once from the Mall to a considerable elevation, so that charming views of the country around are to be had from almost every side above the town. Just behind the hotel is a road leading by the very pretty Protestant church, and up to the summit of a hill from which is seen an exquisite picture of Clew Bay in the sunny distance, framed between trees and the undulating mainland on one hand and

CROAGH PATRICK

in all its majestic height and beauty on the other, with a foreground of softly green slopes, dotted here and there with groups of trees so planted as to admit breaks of sunlight, without in any way impeding the full view of the lovely bay and its countless islands.

We spent a long time in this charming spot, and then slowly returned to the town, where we found our kind Westport acquaintances—so kind and cordial and ready to take every pains to show us what ever was to be seen, although we had been until lately utter strangers to them—had come to take us for a drive out to the shore of Clew Bay. The town is separated from Westport harbor by about a mile's walk through Lord Sligo's demesne; a beautiful spot, full of shady walks under old trees; of sunny glades, of nooks far in under the elms, where ivy, ferns, and every graceful wood plant make sylvan bowers—an old place full of rare charms; a fit avenue to the world of beauty to which it leads. And so, apparently, the people of the district think, for in the many times we took occasion to linger about the walks and alleys of the park there was life everywhere about. Men taking their Sunday stroll, two or three together, walking quietly along, discussing the crops and politics alternately; little children darting in and out among the trees, full of merriment, and gladsome as the sunshine could make their young hearts; fathers and mothers sitting under the trees and watching the children; boys climbing the tall trees, and enjoying the luxury doubly because it was punishable by prosecution; life everywhere, brightening every spot except the fine old mansion, dull and lonely, and deserted for many years by the owner, who, while he draws a splendid income from the estate, prefers the life, or rather waste of life, of foreign cities to the quiet but far truer and happier life he might have at home among his people and in such a lovely country.

FINE TREES.

I have never, I think, seen finer trees, more varied in kind and perfect in growth and foliage, than are in this demesne; every tree is in itself a study, and the whole place is full of pictures. There is one picture which remains fixed in my memory. A shady spot, under a group of magnificent beeches which overhang a stream and interlace their branches with those of sister beeches on the opposite bank; the water beneath broken into dark or sunny pools—patches of transparent green, brown, or golden mirrors, as the branches above are close and thick, or open to admit rays of sunlight. In front, and reflected in the stream, a pretty one-arch bridge with a light balustrade along its parapet; just under the bridge a gentle eyed brown and white cow turning to gaze up at us; beyond this bridge a lovely open glade, flooded with sunshine, where a group of cows lies around a dark Scotch fir; the background rising, and thickly clothed with graceful beeches, the green of their drooping branches just turning to autumn tints; the sun bursting in through every possible opening and setting in light every branch it touches—the shadows and lights on trees and grass and paths a study for a painter—the very traceries and network of the roots of the ancient trees beautiful in the intricacies of their growth. A few yards away, the ruins of a little church and a white marble cross mark a quiet resting place—a peaceful place to be laid in under the forest trees.

From this spot we have a view of the mansion, built beside a small lake. A broad carriage drive leads right through the demesne and out to

WESTPORT HARBOR,

but the pleasantest way is by one of the winding paths, most of which, no matter how they wind, end at the wide gates opening almost immediately on the Westport pier or bay. The pier—a very fine one—was first built in 1780 for the herring fishery, and was extended later on when the trade of the town and country around had increased.

The bay is one of the inlets of Clew Bay; the latter widens out to its full width—eight miles—opposite to Old Head, a point on the Murrisk peninsula, a few miles below Croagh Patrick, or the Rock, a visit to whose sacred summit we planned for the next day.

For the Sunday I was well content with a drive along the opposite or northern shore, to one of the pretty seaside villas right in face of the great Rock, which rises almost from out of the sea, its huge side shaped like a long "rick" of limestone, one end gabled, the other rising into a distinct conical peak.

It was quite enough for one afternoon to wander along the shore, taking in every charm of the lovely scenery that lay spread around wherever the eye could turn; to watch again, and with renewed admiration, the wonderful changes of sea and sky as the sun came slowly round the historic mountain throwing, first, cairn and seam and crag into sharp relief; then, as the day advanced, the light, transparent veil crept over and changed the rugged outlines to a softened uniformity of shape and tint; to see how the sun's track spread along miles and miles of a shining path in the midst of the clear, pale blue sea. Even when the sun had drooped behind the water, it seemed as if he could still be seen shining through the far off ripples, which reflected the sky's changes from gold to crimson, violet, pale green, invisible blue—each color in turn making fairy lands of the islands far to the west—*Mary Banim in Dublin Freeman.*

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

ROMAN ECHOES.

[*Roman Cor. Liverpool Catholic Times.*]

DEATH OF PRINCE AMADEUS.

More than one royal house has been placed in mourning by the death of Prince Amadeus, who expired at 7 o'clock on Saturday evening at Turin. Death was caused by pneumonia, the outcome of an attack of Russian influenza, taken from his young wife, now his widow, who has recovered. King Humbert and his sons, other royal relatives and one or two friends were gathered round the death-bed. On Friday night extreme unction was administered, and at the Princess Letitia's telegraphed supplication the Pope, who sent a touching message praying God to sustain her, directed Cardinal Alimonda to give the papal blessing in his Holiness' name. It was gratefully and reverently received by the dying duke, who never for a moment lost consciousness. His Holiness has been heard to speak of the good qualities of the deceased prince, notably his piety, and has directed a requiem mass to be said in the Vatican. The remains will be deposited in the basilica of Superga, near Turin, among his kindred of the House of Savoy. The prince, who is said to have bequeathed a large amount of money for charitable purposes, desired to have a simple private funeral. It will, however, be attended by ministers, and the cortege will be purely military. A public subscription has been started in Turin for the purpose of erecting a monument in that city to his memory. A beautiful palm branch and a bunch of roses, with the English national colors, have been sent by the Queen, and the lord mayor having in the name of the citizens of London sent a telegram of sympathy to King Humbert, the latter sent the following reply: "The sympathy which the citizens of London evince towards me, through the medium of your lordship, in my great misfortune, increases my admiration and gratitude for the English people and their glorious capital, both being the constant friends of my country and my house. I thank your lordship for having been the interpreter of a sentiment which is so dear to my heart." [STUFF!]

Amadeo I, Duke of Aosta, was the son of Victor Emmanuel and brother of King Humbert. He was allied to the family of Bonaparte by his marriage with the Princess Letitia, daughter of Prince Jerome and of Princess Clotilde. Of an amiable character, he was a contrast to the other members of the House of Savoy by his sincere piety. When in 1870 France refused to recognize a German prince who was selected to occupy the vacant throne of the Spanish Bourbons, Amadeus was substituted, but his tenure of power in Madrid was short-lived. National sentiment and the revolutionists revolted against the intrusion of a foreigner, and he had ultimately to fly with a new born child and a dying wife. Lifted into power by the hands of others, he was a mere royal puppet, and was found wholly wanting in administrative qualities. He was, however, a model of domestic virtue. In July, 1872, an attempt was made to assassinate the king and queen, and his position being shown to be untenable, he abdicated on Feb. 11, 1873, and immediately returned to Italy, arriving at Genoa on the 9th of March. He then resumed his Italian citizenship, was granted an allowance out of the Civil List, and became lieutenant-general in the Italian army.

DEATH OF THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR.

M. Marioni, French ambassador at the Quirinal, also died on Saturday morning after receiving all the consolations of religion. [He also married his niece.]

ST. PRISCA.

The feast of St. Prisca was celebrated on Friday with much solemnity in the church dedicated to her on the Aventine, one of the oldest sanctuaries in Rome. The saint belonged to a pro-consular family from whom St. Peter received hospitality, thanks to two Jewish neophytes—Aquila and Priscilla—attached probably to that household. Prisca received baptism from the hand of St. Peter. Denounced by the emperor Claudius, she was led to the Temple of Apollo to sacrifice to idols. On her refusal she was cruelly scourged and flung into prison. Brought a second time before the tribunal, she exhibited the same firmness. After undergoing various tortures she was finally beheaded on the Ostian Way. She is believed to have been the first woman who suffered martyrdom in the West. Her house was devoted to the service of the faithful during her life, and continued to be what St. Paul called the domestica ecclesia. In 1776, under the pontificate of Pius VI, near this church was discovered a bronze table, sent in 223 to Caius Marius Pudens Cornelianus, a senatorial personage. An ancient Christian oratory adorned with frescoes was also discovered. It formed part of Prisca's house.

FATHER O'HAIRE.

The Rev. Father O'Haire (formerly African missioner), rector of Ashbourne, Derbyshire, was among those admitted to private audience on Sunday last by his Holiness the Pope. Father O'Haire is making a prolonged visit to the Eternal City, partly with the view of preparing a "Guide to Rome" for English speaking travelers, as all the present guide books have been compiled by Protestants. It is to be hoped that the well known author (Father O'Haire) will produce a Catholic guide to satisfy a want long felt by Catholic travelers to the Eternal City.

THE IMMIGRANT'S ANSWER

A Magnificent Argumentative Contribution to the Pages of "The Forum," by Judge John P. Altgeld of This City.

The Foreign-born People and their Immediate Descendants Actually Saved the Union by their Intelligence and Patriotism.

Those who Threatened the Life of the Nation were Native Americans and the Children of Native Americans.

A Tough Literary Morsel for Know-nothings.

[*Forum for February.*]

The questions whether immigration shall be encouraged or restricted, and whether naturalization shall be made more difficult or not, must be considered both from a political and from an industrial point of view; and in each case it is necessary to glance back and see what have been the character, the conduct, and the political leaning of the immigrant and what he has done to develop and enrich our country. Has he been law abiding, industrious, and patriotic, and is the government indebted to him for anything; or is it a case of spoilt pauper child housed, fed, and clothed in a fine Christian uniform, all at the expense of native Americans, and to no purpose?

We will look at the political side first and, as our space is limited, we will go back only to 1860, calling attention, however, to the fact that up to that, time, no matter from what cause, the immigration had been almost entirely to the northern and free States, and not to the slave States, as will be seen by the figures about to be given. These, when carefully examined in connection with election returns, will show that but for the assistance of the immigrant the election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States would have been an impossibility, and that had the cry, "America for the Americans," prevailed at an earlier period of our history, the nineteenth century would never have seen the great free republic we see, and the shadow of millions of slaves would to-day darken and curse the continent.

I will cite no doubtful authority, but will take as a basis the United States census of 1860. The total population of the States was 31 183,744, of whom 4 099,-159 were foreign born, and of the latter only 216 730 were to be found in all the eleven States which seceded. The remaining States had a total population of 22,313 107, of whom 3 882,542, or a little over one-sixth, were actually foreign-born. To these we must add their children, who, though native-born, yet as a rule held the same views, were controlled by the same motives and influences, spoke the same language, and generally acted with their elders: who, in short, for all practical purposes, and especially for our purpose, must be treated as a part of the immigrant population. If we add two children for each foreign-born person, we find that fully one-half of the population in the States that remained true to the Union, consisted of the foreign born and their children, and was made up chiefly of Germans, Scandinavians, and Irish.

The Scandinavians have always, nearly to a man, voted the Republican ticket. The Germans, likewise, were nearly all Republicans. In fact, the States having either a large Scandinavian or a large German population have been distinguished as the banner Republican States. Notably is this true of Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Michigan, which have a large Scandinavian population; and of Illinois, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, which have a very large German population. The Irish more generally voted the Democratic ticket, but were not united; and in New York, where they were most numerous, they have repeatedly given the Republican ticket substantial aid. Taking the States in detail, Iowa has a total population of 674,913. Of these, 106,077, or about one-sixth, were foreign born, and nearly all were Germans and Scandinavians, who to a man voted the Republican ticket. The total vote cast for President in Iowa in 1860 was 128 331, of which Lincoln received 70 409, giving him a plurality over Douglas of 15,298. Now, if simply the actual foreign-born vote had been left out, it would have amounted to one sixth of the whole, or 21 388. These would nearly all have been taken from Lincoln's vote, which would thus be reduced to less than 50 000 leaving to Douglas a plurality of over 5,000; and if, instead of subtracting only the foreign born vote, we were to subtract the vote which for our purpose must be regarded as immigrant, Lincoln's vote would be reduced to less than 40,000.

Wisconsin had a total population of 775,881. Of these, 276,967, or a little over 35 per cent., were foreign born, nearly all Germans and Scandinavians, and they supported the Republican ticket. The total vote of Wisconsin in that year was 152,180, of which Lincoln received 86,110, giving him a plurality over Douglas of 21,069. Now, if the foreign-born vote were omitted, the total vote would be reduced by about 35 per cent., or 53,263; and nearly the whole of this would have to be deducted from Lincoln's vote, thus not only wiping out his plurality, but giving Douglas a plurality of nearly 30 000—this by deducting only the actual foreign born vote, and not the additional vote which, as we have seen, should be included.

Michigan had in that year a total population of 749 113. Of these, 149,093, or about one-fifth, were foreign born, nearly all Scandinavians, Hollanders, and Germans, and almost solidly Republican. The total vote of Michigan was 154,747, of which Lincoln received 88 480 giving him a plurality over Douglas of 23,423. If the foreign born vote, amounting to about one fifth, or 31,000, be left out, nearly all the loss must fall upon Lincoln's vote, giving Douglas a plurality.

Illinois had a population of 1 711,951, of whom 394,643 or almost one-fifth, were foreign born. Of these, 87,573 were Irish, the remainder nearly all Germans and Scandinavians, adherents of the Republican party. Of the total vote of Illinois, 339 693, Lincoln received 172,161, giving him a plurality over Douglas of 11 946. If the actual foreign born vote is to be eliminated, that reduces the total nearly one-fifth, or upward of 65 000. Supposing the Irish foreign born vote to have been solidly Democratic, which it was not, about 40 000 would still have to be deducted from Lincoln's vote; this would not only wipe out his plurality, but would give a very large plurality to Douglas.

Ohio's population was 2 339 500. Of these, 328,249, or about one seventh, were foreign-born; 76 826 being Irish, and the remainder mostly Germans, who as a rule were Republicans. The total vote of Ohio was 442 441, of which Lincoln received 221 610—a plurality over Douglas of 34-378. If the foreign-born vote had been omitted, the total would have been reduced by nearly one seventh, or about 63 200. Assuming that most of the Irish were Democrats and voted for Douglas, nearly 50 000 would still have to be deducted from Mr. Lincoln's total, which would give the State to Douglas.

These five States alone are sufficient to demonstrate the situation; for if Lincoln had lost them and carried the other States in the Republican column, he would have had only 129 electoral votes, while he needed 151. But the facts are that in every State carried by Lincoln there was a large foreign population, which was mostly, and in some States entirely, Republican, and which continued to be Republican down to a very recent date; and if the vote of this class had been omitted in 1860, it would have reduced Lincoln's vote to such an extent as to defeat him in most of the States that he carried. I am speaking only of the foreign born voters; but, as already shown, to these should be added a large percentage of the people who, although native born, are of foreign-born parentage, and must be considered with them in viewing the general political course of immigrants. It is an indisputable fact that the vote of the naturalized citizen and of his son, has been a most powerful and indispensable factor in giving the Republican party the control of the government; and even to-day its power and popularity are greatest in those States in which there is a large naturalized vote.

The eleven States that in 1861 hoisted the flag of secession, had a population of 8 726,644. Of these, only 216 730, or about 2½ per cent, were foreign born, and they were subsequently found to be Unionists. The men who sought to destroy our institutions, who proclaimed the principle of inequality, who insisted that the strong have a divine right to the fruit of the poor man's labor, and who, finally, fired upon the flag of the republic, were not only Americans, but they were the sons of Americans; while, on the other hand, the heavy German population of northern Kentucky and Missouri, by their adherence to the Union, turned the scale and prevented two great States from giving their powerful aid to the Confederacy. The great majority of those that were Americans and sons of Americans in these States, were in favor of secession. Then, when the war began, those northern States that had the largest foreign born population furnished the largest quota of soldiers to the Union armies. Even Missouri contributed nearly 200,000 men, although it was the scene of repeated raids, during which a portion of its population, called by the southern leaders "damned Dutch Unionists," was made to pay dearly for its patriotism. The records of the War Department show that of the 2,678 967 men that from first to last were enlisted in the Union armies, 494,900 were entered on the records as of foreign nationality. No doubt some of these were native born, but not very many, for as a rule the native born recruits spoke the English language and were booked as Americans. How many of these there were we cannot tell exactly, but considering the fact that nearly half of the population was of foreign nationality, and that recruits generally came from the common people, there is no question but that one half of the men who enlisted in the Union armies were either foreign born or of foreign born parentage. These would not have been here to enter our armies but for immigration, and better soldiers never marched to the music of war. There is not a swamp or field or dark ravine where treason made a stand, but is covered with the graves of Germans and Scandinavians who died for the principle of equal rights. Though the Irish more generally voted the Democratic ticket, yet their patriotism was prompt to respond to the call of their adopted country, and there is not a battle-field where blood was shed for the Union that has not the bones of Irishmen rotting upon it.

Again, material resources are as necessary for the prosecution of a great war as are men, for the latter can do nothing without equipment, food, arms, and munitions of war. When the rebellion collapsed, the South had yet large armies of men, but its resources were exhausted. It had no shoes, no food, no arms for its soldiers. It had not within all its boundaries sufficient ammunition to fight a great battle. The North, on the contrary, had yet inexhaustible resources, for which it was largely indebted to the sober, steady, intelligent industry and frugality of its immigrant population: for those States in which this population was the largest were found to possess the best agriculture, the finest cities, the most shops, the largest factories, and the fullest warehouses. Further, the labor of building the great railway systems of our land, which are so necessary for the development of a country and for the rapid concentration of men and material in time of war, was almost entirely done by these people.

Now, if Kentucky and Missouri had joined the Confederacy, and if the northern States had not possessed the incalculable strength in both men and material resources that they got through the naturalized citizen and his children, they would not only have been unable to subdue the South, but they would have been unable successfully to resist the southern aggression; and some southern colonel would to-day be calling the roll of his slaves in the shadow of Bunker Hill monument, for the country could not permanently have remained part slave and part free.

I do not wish in any manner to belittle the great achievements of the native Americans of the North; I am simply directing attention to the fact that, standing alone, they could not have elected Lincoln, could not have successfully resisted southern aggression, and could not have put down the rebellion; and that in was the naturalized citizen and his children who, by joining hands with them, turned the scale in favor of the ideas and the institutions of the North, and thus directly helped to shape the destiny of our country.

In this connection, I wish to call attention to the remarkable historical fact that the great political party of the country that held out a friendly hand to the immigrant, and that favored and secured liberal naturalization laws, so that the newcomer could, in a reasonable time, become a citizen and voter, has been all along opposed and repeatedly defeated by these very naturalized voters; while, on the other hand, the great political party—first Federal, then Whig, and lastly Republican—from whose ranks has always come the opposition to a liberal naturalization law and to making the newcomer a voter, and from whose ranks to-day comes with increasing frequency the cry of "America for the Americans," is the very party which has all along received by far the greater portion of this naturalized vote, was enabled by the aid of this very vote to keep control of the government for over a quarter of a century, and to day is in power by the aid of this vote.

The one political party can truthfully say to the great majority of the naturalized voters: "I did what I could to give you the franchise, and you have constantly used that franchise to defeat me;" while the other political party might truthfully say to the same people: "From my ranks has come all the opposition to you, and it is from my ranks that to-day comes the demand for restrictive naturalization laws; and in return for this treatment you have stood faithfully by me, have kept me in power, and have given office and honors to some of the very men who opposed and slandered you." It is incomprehensible why opposition to making a voter of the immigrant should come from members of the Republican party.

If we look at the question in still another light, it will be found that in those States which have the largest naturalized vote, and in which this has been a potent factor, there are more churches, more libraries, more schools, better schools, and more general intelligence than are to be found in those States where the people are not only American born, but are the children of American-born parents. As a rule, the poor among the immigrants have more education, are more industrious, and are more used to continuous hard work than are the poor among native Americans, and consequently they generally succeed in making a living, while the latter frequently fail.

It has been charged against the naturalized citizen that he has, at different times, engaged in riots and disturbed social order; but in most of these cases it will be found that as many American born as foreign born have participated, the fact being that nationality has nothing to do with the matter, but that the disturbance grows out of industrial or political excitement. But even if this were not so, it does not lie in the mouth of an American to make this charge, for the most disgraceful acts of riot and mob violence that stain our annals were committed, not by the foreign born in their rags, but by Americans dressed in broadcloth; and that not in a Dutch or an Irish settlement, but in the streets of Boston. This mob, known in history as the broadcloth mob, was diabolical in its fury, and sought to tear William Lloyd Garrison to pieces, not over a question of starvation wages, not to avenge an act of injustice and oppression, but simply because he had dared to proclaim that no man can have a right of property in another human being. If there have been mobs and riots among the foreign-born in our country, they were nothing but impotent protests, by ignorant though honest people, against that rapacious greed which took the bread they toiled for away from their children's mouths, while the broadcloth American Boston mob shrieked for the life of the man who dared to advocate human freedom.

I have been speaking, be it noted, of the immigrant who came of his own accord to our shores, with the purpose of renouncing forever his foreign allegiance, and swearing fealty to the republic. I do not include assisted paupers, habitual criminals, or laborers, whether yellow or white, brought over under contract to supplant and drive out American workmen, both native born and naturalized. Against these classes our gates should be closed.

Coming now to the question, shall naturalization be made more difficult? I ask: Why should it be? Does the history of the past furnish any reason for such legislation? If yes, what is it? If nay, then why begin now? If these people are to live here, they should be a part of us, and should be made to feel that they have an interest in public affairs. To have a large foreign population among us and to deprive it of the right of citizenship with all its privileges, would be to create jealousies, discontent, and, in short, the conditions which in time must produce disturbances, and in a critical juncture might endanger our political existence. We have seen that but for the vote and the influence of the naturalized citizen, Lincoln could not have been elected, and that the destiny of our country must have been different.

But suppose this were not so; if the laws had prohibited a foreigner who had made his home among us, from becoming a citizen, and if the millions of foreigners in this country that had accumulated property and acquired local influence had found themselves compelled to obey the laws and to pay taxes to support our institutions, while they had no voice in making those laws, in levying the taxes, or in managing those institutions, would

they not have been discontented and secretly hostile to the government which thus treated them; and is it at all probable that when that government was attacked either they or their sons would have rushed to its defense?

The idea of limiting the franchise is not new. Wherever and whenever there have been men who thanked God that they were not like their fellows, it has been advocated, and wherever it has been tried, it has been a failure. It is simply the dying echo of aristocracy, and is inimical to the spirit of our institutions. Van Buren earned the gratitude of all true republicans by striking it out of the Constitution of New York. There are yet a few States in which a vestige of it remains; but it will be found that these States march not in the van, but with the lumber wagons of civilization.

It is frequently said that the people who come here are, as a rule, ignorant, and know nothing about our institutions, and therefore should not be permitted to vote after a residence of only five years; that they cannot act intelligently, and will simply be tools for crafty politicians to use at the expense of good government. Now, if the premises were true, the conclusions might seem plausible; and were it a matter of speculation only, they would perhaps be accepted. But the premises are false. Besides, this is no longer a matter of argument. We have had a century's experience, and this must decide the question. If the vote of these people has in the main been marked by ignorance and been cast against beneficial measures and good government, then the charge must be accepted as true; on the other hand, if their vote has in the main been on the side of right and justice and good government, then the charge must be treated as being not only groundless, but a slander. We have already seen that the great majority of these votes has steadfastly been cast for the men and the measures which, for a quarter of a century, have shaped the destiny of this nation; surely, no voice from the Republican party will declare that they were wrong. This being so, no Republican should be permitted to make the charge of ignorance against a class of voters who helped to support these men and these measures, and without whose support the success of the latter would have been impossible.

In this connection it should be borne in mind that the so-called scholar is not the most intelligent, the most reliable, or the safest guide in public affairs. The great Selden was not joking when he affirmed that "No man is wiser for his learning, and no fool is a perfect fool until he learns Latin"; and Wendell Phillips was in dead earnest when he said:

"Book learning does not make five per cent of that mass of common sense that runs the world, transacts its business, secures its progress, trebles its power over nature, works out in the long run a rough average justice, wears away the world's restraints, and lifts off its burdens. Two thirds of the inventions that enable Europe to double the world's sunshine, and make old and new England the workshops of the world, did not come from colleges or from minds trained in the schools of science, but struggled up from the irrepressible instinct of untrained natural power. Her workshops, not her colleges, made England for a while the mistress of the world, and the hardest job her workman had was to make Oxford willing he should work his wonders. * * * Liberty and civilization are only fragments of rights wrung from the strong hands of wealth and book learning; almost all the great truths relating to society were not the result of scholarly meditation, but have been first heard in the solemn protests of martyred patriotism and the loud cries of crushed and starving labor. When common sense and common people had stereotyped a principle into a statute, then book men came to explain how it was discovered."*

I will add only that years ago, when the book men both North and South were learnedly demonstrating that slavery was a divine institution, these common people from foreign shores simply said, "It is wrong for one man to get another man's labor for nothing," and then took sides, not with the powerful and wealthy, but with the party that was then the object of ridicule because it dared say that slavery was wrong. The history of this country demonstrates that the common people are swayed by a patriotic instinct or impulse in favor of the right—something which cannot be said of the wealthy, or of the book man.

I know that occasionally the local government of a large city is cited to prove the ignorance of the naturalized voter; but only a superficial observer will make this assertion. The question has been examined by some of the ablest men of America and of Europe, and they all agree that the cause of bad government at times in cities is partizanship and the saloon. And the saloon owes its power to the fact that it is courted by the local leaders of both political parties; each political party is ready and eager to make any combination which will enable it to defeat its opponent.

When the rich and the educated divide themselves up almost equally between the two great parties, and one half vote the Democratic ticket and the other half vote the Republican ticket; if then the naturalized voters, or, if you please, the common people, come along and part vote the Republican ticket, the remainder the Democratic ticket, it is both nonsensical and dishonest to say that the result, no matter what it is, is due to the ignorance of the voters. Such a charge could be truthfully made only if substantially all the well informed and the property holding classes were to range themselves on one side, and the ignorant people on the other, and the latter were to carry the day and run things badly. But so long as the rich and the educated partizan in the Republican party will resort to any means to carry an election, and will stand in line with all classes of voters on that side, while the Democratic partizan does the same thing on the other side, the result must be attributed to a party and not to a class. There never was a dishonest government in any city in this country that did not come into power by the assistance of a large class of voters who not only were intelligent, but who boasted of American ancestry. And it is safe to say that there never will be one; for partizan feeling seems to blind men who are otherwise intelligent, fair, and honest, so that four out of five of the prominent and intelligent men in each political party will rather see their party win with men who are dishonest and unfit, than see the opposite party win with honest and competent men. And, strange as it may seem, the man who comes to the polls in his carriage is, as a rule, more narrow and more bigoted than the poor man who has to lose half a day's wages in order to vote.

There is an objection to further immigration that at first blush seems plausible, namely, that it increases the competition among the unskilled laborers, who already find it impossible to maintain their families in a manner becoming even the humblest American citizen. Ocean travel has become cheap, safe, and speedy, and many European countries are overpopulated. These people are aware that in from two to three weeks they can go from the place of their birth to almost any part of the United States. They have heard of this country, and have an exaggerated idea of its advantages; and the question naturally suggests itself: If these people are permitted to come, will that not reduce the unskilled laborer to the condition of the European laborer; and to avoid this, would it not be better to prevent any more people from landing upon our shores? To a man who sympathizes with the American unskilled laborer, whether native born or naturalized, in his hopeless condition, this argument, I repeat, at first seems plausible; but aside from the impossibility of enforcing such an exclusive policy along our sea coasts and 4 000 miles of border crossed everywhere by railroads, there are insurmountable objections to it. First, it is contrary to the spirit of the age, and to the law of human development and the highest civilization, which require the freest intercourse possible, not only between men, but between nations; and no people ever yet profited in the long run by pursuing a policy at variance with this law. Secondly it could be but a temporary expedient of such doubtful character that any great nation must hesitate to adopt it. Thirdly, it would be so decidedly narrow and provincial that, aside from its effect upon ourselves, we cannot take such a position in the face of the world. The truth is that the labor question is becoming more urgent, and the condition of the laborer is improving as fast in Europe as in this country; and the only hope of the laborer for the future lies in united action, not alone in one country, but throughout the civilized world. This united action will be brought about much more quickly by unity of interest, free intercourse, and friendly co operation, than would be possible if we were not isolate ourselves. In fact, it is only by this intercourse that the laboring masses can be so educated as to enable them to stand together, and by united action secure justice for themselves and their children; while isolation would prevent the spread of intelligence, make united action impossible, and thus put any great achievement out of the question.

Besides, the American laborer does not suffer very much from competition with the immigrant who comes of his own volition. The latter, coming here to improve his condition and that of his family, soon joins his American brother, and asks wages which will at least enable him to do this. But the condition of the laborer has been made deplorable by the importation of shiploads of men under contract. These do not come with the motives or with the ambition of the class we have been considering; they have no thought of becoming citizens, but are practically slaves, who will work for wages upon which the American laborer cannot exist. Agents for large corporations are constantly importing them. Steamship companies, to get the passage money paid by American employers, bring them over by the thousand, so that many great centres of industry in the East have been filled with them, and the American laborer is being crowded out. Both the native born and the naturalized laborer have been almost driven out of the great State of Pennsylvania by these importations. True, there is a law against such contracts, but it is a dead letter; so that we have in this country the strange spectacle of the government keeping up the price of a great many articles by shutting out foreign competition, and at the same time permitting the manufacturers of these articles to import the pauper laborers of Europe to produce them.

But this is not natural immigration; and whether the people thus brought be Chinese, Hungarian, Polish, or British paupers, they should be excluded; but natural immigration should not be interfered with. Free circulation of the blood is necessary to a healthy growth, whether of an individual or of a nation, and any restrict on of the natural processes arrests development and enfeebles both body and mind. Thousands of years ago the cry, "China for the Chinese," prevailed, and became a law in one of the richest quarters of the globe, among a people that had already a high civilization. From that time their faces have been turned backward, and they have simply been worshiping the shades of their fathers; and yet there are in this age and in this country men who would have us practice Chinese statesmanship.

JOHN P. ALTGELD.

* Wendell Phillips on "The Scholar in the Republic."

GAELIC POETRY.

Teigh chum Comhnuidhe Gleire.

Aisdrighthe ó Bheuria Ui Mhórdha.—"Go Where Glory Waits Thee."

I

Téigh chum cómhnuidhe glóire,
Acht ag erich do thóra,
Annsin O! cuimhnigh mé,
'Nuair tá focla milse
Teacht ó bheulaibh dílse
Annsin O! cuimhnigh mé.
Fágfar thusa feasda
Idir iámhaibh cneasda,
Béidh tú molta, measta,
Mar is cóir duit é;
Acht 'san réim is áirde
'Nuair is neasa cáirde
Annsin O! cuimhnigh mé.

II

'Nuair 'san nóin, air d'imtheacht,
Tá reult ag a dhúdlughadh beannacht,
Annsin O! cuimhnigh mé.
Smuain gur minic fúithe
Labhradh grádh ár g-croidhtheadh,
Mar sin O! cuimhnigh mé.
Go mall 'san t-samhradh b'áthmhar,
Caith do shúil go grádhmhar
Air na rósaibh ag á'mhar'
Ghrádhuigh tú 'gus mé;
Smuain uirre a ghuidheas,
Air na fleasgaibh d'fhigheas,
Annsin O! cuimhnigh mé.

III

Nuair le duilibh erfonta
Tá an fóghmhar lí suta,
Annsin O! cuimhnigh mé.
'Gus nuair táir go sásta
Roimhe theaghlach lasta,
'San uair sin cuimhnigh mé.
Le gúth an cheoil 'ga thréor'adh
Chum do chroidhe is cóire,
Tiocfaidh, b'fhéidir, de óra
Ann do shúilibh glé,
Smuain air rannaibh binne
Sheinneas ó do chóinne,—
Annsin O! cuimhnigh mé.

"EIBHLIN."

"CONVICT NO. 25"

—OR—

The Clearances

—OF—

WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RECOVERY.

When Rupert Clarendon woke the next morning Col. Montfort was again by his bedside. He had ridden out at early dawn from the barracks at Athlone to see his young friend. And with him was the doctor.

"Well, Rupert," said he pleasantly, "do you know me?"

"Col. Montfort!" said Rupert faintly, but with an answering smile.

"Yes; oh, I see you are all right. Do you feel pain anywhere?"

"My head and my arm," said Rupert, as he felt a dullness in the one and an unaccountable twinge in the other.

"Oh, you will be all right soon," said the Colonel cheerfully. "Don't you think so, doctor?"

"Oh yes; he'll make rapid recovery now," said the doctor, taking the disengaged hand in his. "His pulse is quite even and steady."

"You have had a marvellous escape," said the Colonel. "You have signalized your entrance into this land of Ireland very remarkably. Thoroughly Irish it was, too, doctor—wasn't it?"

"Quite," said the doctor.

"No Galway-blazer could do better?"

"No. Not one."

"I should like to see the fox h[illegible] would try and take that leap."

"Yes; I should think so," as[illegible] doctor."

"Why, Rupert, you have out-[illegible] Herod; you've beaten the Irish[illegible] their own ground. When Eng[illegible] were for generations domiciled [illegible] land, they became, for revolutio[illegible] tion, and other like peaceful qu[illegible], more Irish than the Irish th[illegible] 'Ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores,' th[illegible] ran, I think. But you have be[illegible] excelled them immeasurably—the very first day, too. Hasn't he, doctor?"

"Yes, he has," said the doctor.

"Yes, at steeplechasing. Think of that, Rupert! The only other game [illegible] Irishmen rank next in worth an[illegible] men to insurrection or rebellion [illegible] so, doctor?"

"Except love-making," said th[illegible] drily.

"Ah, yes! I beg your pardon [illegible] got that. Love-making! Yes. [illegible] must not try to rival them at that. [illegible] That's even worse than either [illegible] others. Isn't it doctor?"

"Much worse," said the doctor [illegible] "The others are quite innocent and harmless compared with that."

"Yes; that's the medical opinion, Rupert; besides, it's against the reg[illegible] There used to be an old statute for[illegible] intermarriage with the mere Iris[illegible] men who drew that up knew their business. I'm not sure but it's on the statute-book still; but if it isn't, it ought to be. Don't you think so?"

"Certainly," said the doctor; "it's a most beneficent regulation."

"Of course it was. Much better for a man to get in among a den of lions than among those Irish girls."

"Where am I?" suddenly asked Rupert.

"He had been lying half dozing, half-amused, as this pleasant badinage proceeded. The mention of the words "Irish girls" suddenly brought to his mind some indistinct vision of the fair face having been before his eyes during his long illness.

"I'll tell you presently," said the Colonel.

"Am I long here?"

"Some three or four weeks, Rupert. But you won't be much longer here, for the doctor says you will improve rapidly."

The doctor, seeing that the Colonel was anxious for a conversation with the patient privately, withdrew.

"As to where you are, Rupert?" said the Colonel, taking a seat beside him, and whispering lowly.

"Yes," said Rupert.

"Well, I think it right for various reasons to tell you where you are."

"I shall be obliged."

"Well, do you remember—probably you do, or you have heard of it—the shooting of your uncle, Colonel Clarendon, in a duel?"

"Yes; I have."

"There were some unpleasant circumstances in connection with it, apart from the duel itself, which perhaps you have not heard. But it would be unnecessary and inadvisable to go back on them now. Well, by some curious coincidence, or chain of coincidences, you are now in the very house of his opponent."

"Sir Hardinge's?"

"Yes; Sir Hardinge's. How did you come to know his name?"

"I heard it."

"Here?"

"No; from the driver of the coach."

"Ah, that unlucky driver."

"How is he?"

"Getting much better. There are some fellows, mostly blackguard characters like him, Rupert, that you might fling off the dome of St. Paul's, and you could not kill them. Your coach-driver is one of them."

"I am glad to hear that."

"Well that is so. He was carried to a farmer's house some distance off—Maury Keefe, I think, is the name of the owner—where there is an exceedingly pretty girl too, by the bye."

"Yes, I know," said Rupert, who at once remembered the meeting by the stream.

"The devil you do!" said the Colonel testily. "You have been picking up knowledge very fast."

Rupert smiled, as the Colonel assumed an angry countenance at finding himself forestalled in so much of his information.

"You'll soon be of some invaluable assistance to us from the amount of your local information," said the Colonel.

"Is Maury Keefe one of the enemy?" asked Rupert with an indolent smile.

"They're all enemies for the matter of that," said the Colonel. "From the old woman that sits crooning and knitting in the sun to the baby asleep in the cradle, they're all enemies."

"All enemies?"

"All; the Irish enemy. In theory, that is."

'Formidable foes!"

"So they are, Rupert, so they are. You have no idea of it."

"I am afraid not," said Rupert. "How does it come to pass?"

"Well it would require a little dissertation on local society to enable you to understand it. Are you strong enough to bear it?"

"Go on," said Rupert. "I feel very pleasant here. It relieves me to hear you speak."

"That's right. Let me lift your head a little. There now! That's better. Well, you must know that society, so complex generally everywhere else, is simplified here in the greatest degree."

"Indeed!"

"Yes."

"Explain."

"Well, you see, in England, as elsewhere, you have various degrees of rank. You have the great nobleman, whose family rules the county; you have the great county families; you have the hunting squire, the farming squire, the gaming squire, and the millionaire manufacturer. Also you have the great East India merchant and the wealthy planter, who have purchased estates in the county. And so on down through the various degrees to Hodge himself, and all tied and banded together in the various kinds of social relationship and citizenship. Here we get rid of that altogether. Here we simplify matters immensely."

"That must be an advantage."

"Well, perhaps it is," said the Colonel rily, "though the advantages are not very apparent at first. They have not become apparent to me yet."

"Haven't they?"

"No."

"I should think they ought."

"They have not. We simplify matters this way. We divide our citizens here into two classes—the landlords and the tenants. They are the only social distinctions of rank tolerated in this primitive land."

"Well, they are easily recognized. That's an advantage."

"Easily recognized! I should think so. They are as marked in their difference as two tribes of red Indians. All the more because they are sworn enemies."

"Enemies!"

"Yes. I should have said born enemies. From the time a baby in the cradle notices a light, it begins to curse the landlord; and vice versa, before a landlord's son is half a dozen hours old, I verily believe he is thinking of the best plan to raise the rents."

"That's a lively picture."

And true every word of it. True as the gospel. That old man dying in his cabin, gasping, waiting for the priest to come to him, the chances are that his greatest regret at leaving the world is that he can't have another hayrick of the landlord's, or have another shot at him. And the landlord, when he's dying, his last words to his heir are—'Bill this or Tom that ought to pay more rent. The townland of Glen[illegible]s or Bally that could bear another five hundred. If they don't pay it, turn 'em out, clear 'em out!'

"Rather a curious state of affairs."

"Best of it all is that both parties look on it as a perfectly normal state of things, and as if it were quite impossible, and indeed unnatural, that it should be otherwise. It's a nice question of give and take. Now a farmer, say, in Ballydesmond. Well, I am coming home from the fair some night, with three or four or half a dozen glasses of whisky in me. I happen to be passing near my landlord's; and, my heart and brain being pleasant, I remember some quarrel we've had. I step across the hedge, through the fields, and fire a haystack or two to light myself home. Landlord immediately suspects another fellow, maybe a cousin of mine, in Ballyporeen; and without further ado raises the rents in Ballyporeen all round. That makes the citizens in Ballyporeen still more pleasantly disposed towards him. And there you are!"

"A nice state of things!" said Rupert, with a droll smile at the free and easy exposition of the other. "And you?"

"Well, we do our best."

"To keep peace between them?"

"Certainly not," said the Colonel, with assumed indignation.

"And what then? You puzzle me!"

"You have not read political economy deep enough yet, Rupert, to understand it. We do nothing but study it here. We read nothing else."

"I don't see what that has to do with it."

"Don't you see that there is but one landlord, whilst there may be four thousand tenants. That's not fair play. So our paternal government, desiring to equalize matters, sends us across."

"What! To help the landlords?"

"That's just it, Rupert."

"And do you like the work?"

"Why, at first it didn't seem very comforting to one's notion of chivalry or honor; but one gets used to it, Rupert—one gets used to it. Much as the eels get used to the skinning, and like it."

"I understand," said Rupert, falling into the humor of the droll gravity of the other.

"Therefore it is, Rupert, that we come to regard them as our enemies. That young girl, singing a song as she carries the milk pail over the daisy field, stops her song when she sees us ride past. You might as well expect the lark to sing in the presence of the hawk. The very baby in the mother's or sister's arms glares at us, as if he were wishing he had a double-barrelled blunderbuss for just about five minutes."

"It must be a very pleasant life."

"You can have no idea of it. No ennui whatever. Order comes to send a troop to Sir Somebody's townland, to attend distraint, or sale, or eviction, Thursday morning. Thursday morning comes; maybe it's a winter's morning, with the snow half a foot on the ground, and the men are preparing to leave the barrack yard. Not being political economists, the men don't like the work. They have not reached the gate, when a messenger comes riding in, with a face brightened up with exercise and delight. He is Sir Somebody's trusted steward, or bailiff, or something or other, and he rides in to say that we need not go. Sir Somebody was shot last night through the lungs, whilst he was admiring the moon or the snow from his drawing room window; or just as he was getting off his horse at the hall door step a round bullet fired from the clump of trees, a few yards in advance, breaks his right leg into smithereens. Messenger relates this with as much pleasantness and happiness as if he were telling how he fell in for a fortune. He seems actually proud of the honor that has befallen his master. It seems a new title, answering to a peerage, or a C B in England, that has been conferred upon him."

"Don't you think it rather singular duty to be on?"

"It did at first seem so; but, as I said before we have got used to it. Besides these, little incidents turn up frequently enough to vary it very agreeably. Now, there was Kevin Moore for instance——"

"Kevin Moore? Oh, yes. It was he that had the handsome sister," said Rupert.

"What was her name, pray," asked the Colonel testily.

"Norah Moore?"

"Norah Moore!" May I ask you a question, Rupert?"

"Yes, certainly," said Rupert.

"How long were you in Westmeath?"

"Only while I was driving from the boundary to that confounded quarry."

"Well, I must say you have picked up a most extensive knowledge, in a mighty short time, of its history and antiquities."

"Antiquities?" said Rupert remonstratingly.

"Well natural history then."

"Hardly that either," said Rupert laughing. "But that brings me round to what I was asking you. Where am I now, and whose house am I in?"

"Oh, yes. I had forgotten that, too. To tell you which was indeed—besides seeing how you were doing—my chief business here this morning. You are in Sir Hardinge's house. That makes the awkwardness of the thing," said the Colonel with some degree of annoyance in his manner. "It was unpleasant enough that your uncle should lose his life by his hand; but there were other circumstances attending the duel that makes it exceedingly uncomfortable that you should be his guest even by accident."

"What shall I do?"

"I fancy there is nothing," said the Colonel with great seriousness of manner, "for you to do but to wait here until you are better. Meantime, let no word be dropped to indicate that you know of the old quarrel."

"Unless they mention it."

"Which they will be certain not to do; if by chance they should, change the topic as delicately as you can. There are reasons for it, and, at any rate, they have been very kind and very attentive to you."

"How many are there in the family?"

"Four; Sir Hardinge, his lady, his son and daughter. But I need not describe them. You will know them all shortly. I am anxious to be the first to explain your position to you, lest some awkward contretemps should occur."

"I am very much obliged."

"Don't mention it. I think we've talked enough for one morning, I shall ride back to barracks without delay."

And after some further conversation they parted, and Rupert was left to his own reflections.

"It's a very awkward business I should have come here of all places in the world," he thought to himself. "What a curious coincidence!"

But as his position was none of his seeking, and beyond his prevention or remedy, Rupert had good sense enough to accept circumstances as they were, and to make the best of them.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC PROSE.

Notaidh air Staid na Gaedhilge.

[*Irish-American.*]

Deir siad nach féidir le stáirt óir cuntas maith catha do sgríobhadh muna raibh sé féin i lathair,—sin é, muna ghlacfé páirt ins an d-troid, no muna raibh sé, air a laighead, ag feuchaint air an m-briseadh a' dul air aghaidh. Acht measaim féin gurab é an cuntas is fearr air chorrughadh air bith an cuntas sin a tá sgríobhtha le fear eidirmheadhonach, anuair a tá teas agus fearg na troide thart; oir is dóighthe feisean breithemhnas neamh-chaonta do dheunamh air chásaibh a ghabh buaidh d' aon taobh, agus air na mi-oruighthibh léir chaill an taobh eile. Má's riachtanach do sgríobnóir litre mar í so a bheith 'nna shaighdiúir i g-cath na Gaedhilge—sin é má's riachtanach dhó dul amessg na g-cumann, tonnas go bh-feicfidh sé le n-a shúil féin cad tá d'á dheunamh, annsin, mar do mhúigheas in mo litir dhéighionaigh, "ní mise an fear do Ghaillimh." Acht má's féidir do dhuine taobh amuigh na ballaidhe, agus a léigheas cuntas na h-oibre a tá ag dul air aghaidh taobh astigh, breithemhnas cióin, díreach, a thabhairt air éiteacht na h-oibre sin, ní fheicim fáth air bith nach m-beidheadh mo bharamhail-se chó maith le baramhail aoin fhir eoitchiun, tar éis stuidéir agus dearcaidh na mbliadhan a thabhairt air na neithibh air a sgríobhaim. Air aon chaoi, má deirim focal nach bh-fuil ceart, no a dheunas eugchóir do'm bhrátharaibh na Gaedhilge, ní I an eugchóir sin deunta go tolleamhail, agus béidh me ró-bhuidheach do dhuine air bith a cheartóchas mé ó am go h-am.

Is minic a thig an smuaineadh in m' intinn, a Shaoi, nach bh-fuil na h-Eireannaighe chó h-ionnraic no chó praidhineach i d-taoibh aithbheoghuidh na Gaedhilge agus ba mhian leo an domhan do chroideamhain; agus mar nach maith liom a-n nidh cruaidh no casaoideach a ràdh gan dearbhadh a fhirinne do chur in aoinfheiceht leis, bheurfad san litir so ádhbhar an smuainte úd.

Tamall geárr ó shoin, anuair a bhí beagán airgid ballighthe agam, i séasúr ann nach raibh mórán oibre le deunamh air an bh-feilm, do ghlacas in m'intinn go rachfainn air aisdear beag tríd an tír, tonnas go bh-feicfinn na ràdhaire, agus go bh-fághainn eolas air mhórán neitheadh nach raibh sé in mo chúmhact d' fhágbail 'san m baile. Go h-áirighthe ba mhian liom nóiaidh do ghlacadh air bhail ár g-cinidh 'san mhór-thír so, agus comórtus do dheunamh idir a g-cúram air a d-teangain agus cúram na g-cineadh eile air a d-teangthaibh spéisialta.

Do chualas trácht go minic air an mhór-mhéid daoineadh 'san tír so a labhras Gaedhilig, acht ní raibh aon smuaineadh agam go raibh siad leath chó minic agus a táid, go n-deachaidh mé in a measg. Ní'l baile ann ar leagas cos ann nach bh-fuil labhartbóiridheGaedhilige ag teanamhaint gach ceirde lé r féidir d'fhear beatha ondrach do shaothrughadh. Acht má tá siad lé fághail mar so ins na ballibh beaga, is fairsinge iad go mór ins na cathrachaibh, de bhrigh go bh-fuil níos mó oibre le fághail lonnta 'ná a tá ins na ballibh óga. Is cinnte go bh-fuil na mílte labharthóiridh Gaedhilige scaptha thart i mórán de chathrachaibh na tíre, agus tá'n cás mar so go h-áirighthe i n-Indianapolis, i St. Louis, agus i g-Caisair Connaus. Is cosamhail go bh-fuil níos mó go fóill ins na cathrachaibh seau áird shoir na tíre, acht is ar righ m'aisdear an áird sin.

Gidh go labhrann mór-chuid na n-Eireannach 'san d-tír so an Ghaedhilig, tá, is fíor-bheag na daoine a casadh liom a bhí cumasach í do léigheadh no do sgríobhadh; agus longantach le ràdh, saoilim go bh-fuil níos mó de lucadh a ràdh 'san tír so ó aturachaibh agus ó mháthrachaibh Eireannacha acfutneach an Ghaedhilig do léigheadh agus do sgríobhadh toirt atá de dhaoinibh a rugadh in Eirinn agus a labhair Gaedhilig ó naoidheanachd.

Ní raibh iongantas orm aiubhíos mar so d' fhághail ameasg ná n-daoineadh coitchiona, acht nuair a casadh liom fir léigheanta, mar atá mórán fear ceannuidhe, doctúiridhe, fir-dilighe, agus go h-áirighthe fir-eagair páipeur a labhair Gaedhilig go maith, acht nach raibh cumasach aon fhocal dí do léigheadh, no do sgríobhadh, deirim libh go raibh níos mó iongantas orm. Do labhras le mórán an t-sóirt daoineadh so air cheist na Gaedhilge, agus do shaoileas a g-cómhnuidhe i d-tús ár seanchais go raibh a n-grádh air ár d-teangaia ró-theith. Dúbhairt siad go léir, gur ba mhór an truagh dá n-eogfadh an Ghaedhilig. Mhaoluigh siad an Riaghail Sacsanach a chuir bac air fhóghluim na teangan; go deimhin, mheasfadh duine ag éisteacht leo, go raibh siad totleamhail fuil a g-croidhtheadh do shileadh air son beatha uaire a thabhairt do'n Gaedhilig. Acht 'nuair a thaisbeánas dóibh nach raibh an Riaghail Sacsanach rámbadach d'fhóghluim na Gaedhilge in Eirinn anois; acht in áit a bheith rámnadach, go bh-fuil Bórd an Teagaisg ag díol na maighistiridh le oideas a thabhairt funtí; 'nuair a thaisbeánas nach bh-fuil, agus nach raibh aon dlighe 'san tír so an aghaidh fóghlumtha na Gaedhilge; acht go h-áirighthe 'nuair a thaisbeánas dóibh dá n-giacfadh daoine measamhla mar iad-san 'san tír so fonn an Gaedhilig do sgríobhadh-gur ba mhór an spreagadh a chuirfeadh sin i g-croidhtibh na n-aos-óg in Eirinn; deirim nuair a thaisbeánas so go léir do m'éisteóiribh a bhí ag caoineadh báis na Gaedhilge beagán móiméint ó shoin, dó chraith gach fear acu a ghuailnedi modh a dheuíadh cióir do'n Fhraincach 'nuair a chídheann sé no 'nuair a chluineann sé aon nidh nach d-taithnigeann leis; agus d'fheuch siad orm le dí-mheas coimheasgtha le truagh—ag ràdh le na súilibh: "a dhuine bhoicht, tá tú gan leath-unsa de chéill."

Le sgeul fada do dheunamh gotrid, bhí an drong so beagnach go léir sontuighthe 'san mbaramhail go raibh an Bearla maith go leor dóibh-sau; nach raibh uatu acu an Gaedhilig d fhóghluim, agus dá m-béidheadh uatu acu, go m-b fhéidir leo ú-áid níos feárr a dheunamh di no ag fóghlum Gaedhilge, mar nach raibh airgiod 'san stuideur sin. Go deimhin dúbhairt siad—gidh bá r chuir siad an ráth i bh-foclaibh: "Go h-i—n leis an Gaedhilig chó f ad a's nach bh-fuil airgiod innti!"

Go cinnte ní raibh mo thurus i n-aisgidh, óir bhidheas ag fághail an eolais a bhí teasduighthe uaim, acht bhí tailte ag fanacht liom, mar inacoead in mo litir na seachtmhaine so chúgainn.

FELIM UA TUATHAIL.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all other throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all other Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

The Star Chamber at Woodford.

The Star Chamber, Mount Shannon, has had a sort of intermittent existance since, inasmuch as in addition to the old woman of seventy five and the old man Malone a little boy, twelve years old, a traveling tinker named Gill, a carpenter named Clarke, and an ex gamekeeper named Cavanagh, have since been examined. To day Mr. Patrick McDermott, P. L. G.; Mr. Michael Hogan, and Mr. Michael Tuohy were brought up on a warrant in connection with their refusal to attend on summons. They refused to be sworn within closed doors. Mr. McDermott stated to the magistrates that he refused on the following grounds: first, as a protest against the Star Chamber (but he would answer any question put to him in open court); second, that he was confident that the proceedings were intended as a deliberate insult to both himself and fellow prisoners, as the authorities well knew that they could not give any information relative to the supposed infernal machine, and again, that not alone himself, but almost every man in the parish, believed that the police well knew who put the machine there, if such a thing was found at all. The prisoners were then committed to Galway Jail for eight days when it is expected they will be again brought up. While kept waiting in the police barrack for cars to convey them to Galway, a distance of forty miles, Mr. John Roche applied to District Inspector Murphy for permission to see them, and to get them some refreshment, as they were taken from their homes at an early hour to day, which request was refused. Father Costello, P. P., met the prisoners as they were being driven to jail, but would not be allowed to speak to them.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to PROF. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

THE FOREIGN BUDGET.

Report of the Parnell Commission Submitted.

MANY OF THE CHARGES UNFOUNDED.

The Respondents, However, Did Enter into a Conspiracy Against Irish Landlords—Specific Charges Against Parnell and Davitt—Further Particulars Concerning the Latest Horror in Siberia—Forty-One People Killed in the Revolt.

LONDON, Feb. 14.—The report of Judges Hannen, Day, and Smith, the special commission appointed to investigate the charges made by The Times against the Parnellite members of the house of commons, was laid upon the table in the house Thursday by the Rt. Hon. Henry Matthews, secretary of state for home affairs. The report is signed by all three of the judges. The court recites the charges, dividing them into nine categories. The greatest interest centers in the final conclusions, which are as follows:

1. We find that the respondents, members of parliament, were not members of a conspiracy having for its object to establish the absolute independence of Ireland; but we find that some of them, together with Mr. Davitt, established and joined in the Land league organization, with the intention by its means to bring about the absolute independence of Ireland as a separate nation. The names of these respondents are: Michael Davitt, M. Harris, John Dillon, William O'Brien, W. Redmond, J. O'Connor, Joseph Condon, J. J. O'Kelley.

Conspiracy Against Landlords.

2. We find that the respondents did enter into a conspiracy, by a system of coercion and intimidation, to promote an agrarian agitation against the payment of agricultural rents, for the purpose of impoverishing and expelling from the country the Irish landlords, who were styled the English garrison.

4. We find the charge that when on certain occasions they thought it politic to denounce and did denounce, certain crimes in public they afterward led their supporters to believe that such denunciation was not sincere is not established. We entirely acquit Mr. Parnell and the other respondents of the charge of insincerity in their denunciation of the Phœnix park murders, and we find that the fac-simile letter upon which this charge is chiefly based against Mr. Parnell is a forgery.

4. We find that the respondents did disseminate The Irish World and other newspapers tending to incite sedition and the commission of other crimes.

5. We find that the respondents did not directly incite any persons to the commission of crime other than intimidation, but that they did incite to intimidation, and that the consequence to that intimidation was that crimes and outrages were committed by the persons so incited; but we find that it has not been proved that the respondents made payments for the purpose of inciting persons to commit crime.

Disapproved of Crime and Outrage.

6. We find as to the allegation that the respondents did nothing to prevent crime, and that they expressed no bona fide disapproval of crime, that some of the respondents—in particular Michael Davitt—did express a bona fide disapproval of crime and outrage; but that the respondents did not denounce the system of intimidation which led to the commission of crime and outrage, but persisted in this abstention of denunciation with the knowledge of its effect.

7. We find that the respondents did defend persons charged with agrarian crimes and support their families, but that it has not been proved that they subscribed to testimonials for or were intimately associated with notorious criminals, or that they made payments to procure the escape of such criminals from justice.

8. We find as to the allegation that the respondents made payments to compensate persons who had been injured in the commission of crime that they did make such payments.

Money from Patrick Ford.

9. As to the allegation that the respondents invited the assistance and co-operation of and accepted subscriptions of money from known advocates of crime and the use of dynamite, we find that the respondents did invite the assistance and co-operation of and accept subscriptions of money from Patrick Ford, known as an advocate of crime and the use of dynamite, but it has not been proved that the respondents, or any of them, knew that the Clan-na-Gael controlled the Land league or was collecting money for the parliamentary fund, but it has been proved that the respondents invited and obtained the assistance and co-operation of the physical force party in America (including the Clan-na-Gael), and in order to obtain that assistance abstained from repudiating and condemning the action of that party.

Charges Against Parnell Personally.

Beside these there remain three specific charges against Mr. Parnell personally, namely:

1. That at the time of the Kilmainham negotiations Mr. Parnell knew that Sheridan and Boynton had been organizing outrages and, therefore, wished to use them to put down outrages. We find this charge not proved.

2. That Mr. Parnell was intimate with the leading Invincibles; that he probably learned from them what they were about when he was released on parole in April, 1882, and that he recognized the Phœnix park murderers as their handiwork. We find that there is no foundation for this charge, and that the Invincibles were not a branch of the Land league.

3. That Mr. Parnell, Jan. 13, 1883, by an opportune remittance enabled Byrne to escape from justice to France. We find that Mr. Parnell did not make any remittance to Byrne to escape from justice.

Special Charges Against Davitt.

Regarding the two special charges against Mr. Davitt that he was a Fenian and assisted in the formation of the Land league with money contributed for the purpose of outrage and crime, that he was in close and intimate association with the party of violence in America, and was mainly instrumental in bringing about an alliance between that party and the Parnellite and home rule party in America, we find it proved that Mr. Davitt was a Fenian and received money from the skirmishing fund contributed for the purpose of outrage. This was not, however, for the formation of the Land league itself, but for the promotion of agitation leading up to it. It has been shown that Mr. Davitt returned the money from his own resources. We find, also, that he, in such close and intimate association with the party of violence in America, was the man mainly instrumental in bringing about the alliance referred to.

Newspaper Comment.

LONDON, Feb. 14.—The Daily News says the report of the Parnell commission has vindicated at once the character of the Irish leaders and the integrity of the English bench. Three upright judges whose prejudices, if they exist at all, are all against home rule, have cleared public life of an ugly cloud.

The Standard says that while the verdict of the commission favors the accused in a few of the most heinous charges, of which few persons expected proof would be brought, there is more than enough behind to substantiate all that has been generally believed of the connection of the Home Rulers with conspiracy against the law.

The Times leaves the public to judge whether the report does not confirm, though in colorless, guarded, judicial language, the main part of the statements made in the "Parnell and Crime" articles. The Times asserts that it never accused the Parnellites of personal participation in crime. Concluding, it says: "If on certain points which we held we have not established our statements, the general effect remains unshaken."

THE HORRORS OF SIBERIA.

More About the Suicide of Mme. Sihida—A Cruel Director.

PARIS, Feb. 14.—Further particulars of the Siberian horror have been received and show that the cruelties were worse than at first reported. It now appears, runs the story, that Mme. Sihida had a younger sister, some 16 years old, who went to Siberia to look after her comfort. Arriving there she had the misfortune to please the eye of the director of the prison. She was detained by him upon a trumped-up charge of conniving at Mme. Sihida's attempted escape and became a victim of his brutality. She was subjected to such atrocious treatment as to cause her death soon after. Mme. Sihida, indignant and terror-stricken by this awful event, vehemently denounced the outrage.

An Inhuman Revenge.

In doing this she attracted the attention of the director, who then approached her with the same insults he had heaped upon her sister. The monstrous revenge of the director in having her publicly flogged followed, and this punishment was accompanied by inhuman incidents which probably had more to do in driving her to suicide than the exposure to which she had been subjected.

The revolt in the male prison is confirmed, and it is now definitely known that the number of killed amounted to forty-one. News of the affair has now been circulated in Russia and it has inspired the Nihilists with new vigor. Upon learning the particulars and realising the universal protest and violent feeling the case would arouse, the czar dispatched an officer to replace the director and ordered that official to report at St. Petersburg.

America's Champion Fancy Skater.

ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 14.—Louis Rubenstein, the champion fancy skater of America, won the championship of the world, in the competition under the auspices of the St. Petersburg Amateur Skating club. The contest took place on open air ice, and among the countries which had representatives competing were Austria, Finland, Norway, Russia and Sweden. From St. Petersburg Rubenstein goes to Hamburg and Amsterdam, where he will compete at fancy skating tournaments to be held at those places.

Quiet at Zanzibar.

ZANZIBAR, Feb. 14.—Everything is quiet here, no trouble having arisen in consequence of the death of Sultan Khalifa-Ben-Said and the accession of his brother, Sernaid Ali. Two British gunboats have arrived here from Shanghai. The British sloop-of-war Gannet has sailed for Mombassa to insure the preservation of order there. Mombassa is picketed with native soldiers. Precautions have been taken to protect the mission stations in that vicinity.

Benzon Sentenced to Prison.

LONDON, Feb. 14.—A dispatch from Nice says that Benson, otherwise known as Jubilee Juggins, who was arrested for forging a check for £1,000, and whose friends, it is said, made the loss good, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment and to pay the costs of the prosecution. Benzon ran through with an inheritance of over $1,000,000 in two years.

Abandoned at Sea.

LONDON, Feb. 14.—The announcement is made here of the abandonment at sea of the Dutch bark George, Capt. Nienwenheus, from Pensacola bound for Delfzyl. The vessel, which was waterlogged and partly dismantled, was abandoned on Jan. 27 in latitude 43 north, longitude 42 west. The crew has arrived safely in Queenstown.

Banquet to American Naval Officers.

PARIS, Feb. 14—A banquet was tendered to the officers of the American squadron of evolution by Vice Admiral Bergasse-Du-Petit-Thouars, commander of the Fifth maritime arrondissement, on board his flagship at Villefranche. The civil and military authorities of Villefranche and Nice were present.

An Eiffel Ice Tower.

ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 14.—The Eiffel ice tower completed here is over 150 feet high, and is composed of 10,000 blocks of ice. The first platform is occupied by a splendid restaurant, and the whole structure is radiant at night with thousands of electric lights, forming a dazzling spectacle.

Honors for Prince Alexander.

VIENNA, Feb. 14.—Prince Alexander of Battenburg, the ex-ruler of Bulgaria, who is known as the Count of Hartenau, has been appointed commandant of the Seventh regiment dragons stationed in Vienna. It is understood that he will be made a general within a year.

Twelve Persons Drowned.

PARIS, Feb. 14.—A sad accident happened at Pontivia. The vehicle conveying a bride and bridegroom and a number of their friends was upset, and the whole party were precipitated into the river. The bride and bridegroom and ten others of the party were drowned.

Moussa Bey Imprisoned.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Feb. 14.—At the request of Mr. Hirsch, the American minister, the porte has imprisoned in his own palace Moussa Bey, the Kurdish chief, who is charged with robbing and outraging Christians in Armenia.

The Earl of Sydney Is Dead.

LONDON, Feb. 14.—John Robert Townshend, the first earl of Sydney, is dead, aged 84 years. He leaves no son or heir to the title, which was created in 1874.

Another Wreck on the Monon.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 14.—There was a collision Friday morning on the Monon railroad three miles north of Bedford, Ind. Two men were killed, including Charles Wright, a mail agent, of Orleans, Ind., and two others injured.

Four Girls at One Birth.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 14.—Four fine girl babies were born to Mrs. M. Newton, of Everson. All are lively, and the doctor says they will doubtless live. They are of ordinary size.

IT WAS A BOLD PLOT.

A Sensational Discovery Made at Denver, Colo.

SCHEME TO KIDNAP A WEALTHY MAN.

Two Young Men Who Proposed to Confine Ex-Senator Tabor and Hold Him for a Ransom of $50,000—Experience of Two Plucky New York Women with Burglars—Swindled by a Double-Acting Pen—The Criminal Record.

DENVER, Feb. 15.—A bold plot that would do credit to the most sensational novelist was made public Friday by the arrest of Oscar Roberts and Arthur Butcher, two young men well known in Denver. It was no less than a scheme to kidnap ex-Senator Tabor, the millionaire mine owner, and hold him for a ransom of $50,000. The affair came to the notice of Chief of Detectives Luar some days ago, and he at once informed the senator so that he might guard against any attack that might come unexpectedly, as Butcher is a reckless character who would stop at nothing when cornered. How the police secured the first clew they refuse to state, but they have in their possession letters from Roberts, who was working at Rincon, N. M., to Butcher, in which the full details are laid bare. Butcher when arrested tried to pass the matter off as a joke, but when the conspiracy law was explained to him, he declared the plot would have been carried out if a little ready cash had been secured in time.

Meals at $10,000 Each.

The plan was to decoy the senator to a house in some out of the way part of the city, and then demand a loan of not less than $50,000. In case of refusal the brigands proposed to furnish meals to their captive at $10,000 each as long as it pleased him to remain in their company. If he agreed to make the loan the ambitious youths would compel him to sign a document to the effect that he (Mr. Tabor) had employed a man to kill a mine owner some years ago in order that he could obtain possession of his property, thus compromising himself so that he would not press payment of the forced loan. The senator is disposed to let his would-be kidnapers off without prosecuting them, owing to their youth, and it is thought they will be given a chance to acquire in a legitimate way the riches they covet.

Not Much Worried Over It.

"In all my life I have never given up a nickel for blackmail or any confidence game," said Tabor. "I don't mean to say I haven't been imposed upon occasionally by pretended friends, but in an attempt of this kind I never was taken in. I think it is seldom any one of any experience in this world is afraid in such matters. I don't intend to be, and ever since Moffatt was held up I have taken extra precautions. I consider my immunity has been due not alone to my experience, but also to my ability to read faces. I think I possess a fair share of ability in that way."

NOT AFRAID OF A MAN.

Two Thieves Handed Over to the Police by a Couple of Plucky Women.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—There are two women living in this metropolis who are not afraid of a man, even if he is a burglar, and they demonstrated it early in the morning and distinguished themselves as well by grappling single-handed with, overpowering and handing over to the police two thieves whom they surprised in the act of plundering their respective bedrooms. One of the plucky women was Mrs. Henry Schults of 92 Washington street. When the fellow whom she found in her bedroom tried to get away she knocked him headlong down a flight of stairs with a stick of wood, which she threw after him.

Captured After a Brief Struggle.

Miss Yetta Fleischacker, of 12 Norfolk street, who is only 18 years old, was the other feminine captor of the burglar. She found her burglar in her bedroom, as did Mrs. Schults, and unhesitatingly tackled him. There was a brief struggle, but nervy Miss Yetta outwrestled the thief and held him down on the floor until help came. Both burglars were safely turned over to policemen, were taken to the police courts, held for trial in the court of sessions, and undoubtedly will go to prison, where to the disgrace of being behind the bars will be added the contempt of their fellow convicts probably because they were caught and overmastered by women. Mrs. Schultz' captive gave the name of Frank Wise, while Miss Fleischacker's victim registered at Essex Market Police court as John Burke.

SWINDLING ILLINOIS FARMERS.

A Double-Acting Pen Which Delivers Two Kinds of Ink.

MONTICELLO, Ills., Feb. 15.—There are two sets of swindlers going through central Illinois swindling the farmers. One scheme is to purchase the farmer's corn at 25 to 30 cents a bushel and get the farmer to sign a contract for the delivery of the corn, which turns up in some bank as a promissory note. Another and still later swindle is, the sharp has a double fountain pen which is so arranged that it uses two kinds of ink; one will fade and the other will remain. The sharper makes an agreement with the farmer and uses the ink that fades, and then gives the farmer the same penholder, only it is reversed and he signs his name. The words of the agreement fade and the signature remains, when the sharper writes whatever he pleases over the signature.

Incendiarism Charged to Crusaders.

HAMILTON, Mo., Feb. 15.—W. E. Irving, a druggist at this place, and owner of a drug store at Nettleton, a small town a short distance east of here, has received a telegram from his Nettleton manager informing him that his store at that place had been destroyed by fire. Mr. Irving has been warned by the temperance crusaders that something would happen if the indiscriminate sale of liquor at his store was not stopped. It is believed that the crusaders set fire to the building.

A Defaulting City Treasurer.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 15.—City Treasurer John A. Davis has been discovered to be a defaulter in the sum of $130,000. He confesses a shortage of $60,000, and he and his bondsmen are trying to fix it up. Strong efforts are being made to keep the matter quiet. Davis has been living at an extravagant rate and recently became half owner of a large hotel, besides being mixed up in other speculations. His salary was $4,500.

Attempted Train Wrecking.

GENESEE, Wis., Feb. 15.—An attempt was made to derail trains on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road a mile and a half east of this place. Timbers were placed across the track in a way designed to prove effective, but fortunately a slow-going freight train was the first to run against the obstruction. The damage was slight and the train was not delayed.

The Navassa Rioters.

BALTIMORE, Md., Feb. 15.—The cases of the Navassa rioters were Saturday morning disposed of, so far as the court of present jurisdiction can dispose of them, by the entering of pleas of guilty of manslaughter by James Tasker, Ed. Work and Norman Wooster. As a result of the trial, three of the prisoners have been convicted of murder in the first degree, fourteen of manslaughter and twenty-three of riot. Sentences in all these cases will be announced next week. Inasmuch however, as the question of the jurisdiction of the United States over the Navassa island has been raised, it is possible that the supreme court of the United States may be called on to pass upon that point.

Stole His Backer's Money.

BOSTON, Feb. 15.—The Globe says: J. King, the 135-pound English pugilist, matched to spar Jack Falvey, of Providence, at the Parnell club Feb. 21, has skipped from the city taking with him, it is alleged, a gold watch and chain, $200 in money and several gold medals set with diamonds, the property of John Joyce, ex-champion featherweight of England, who has been backing him and who also loses $150 he had placed as forfeit. The police have been notified and are watching the steamers that sail from east Boston. Joyce has gone to New York to prevent King from leaving by steamer from there.

Stole $5,000 in Revenue Stamps.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Feb. 15.—Michael Claus was arrested here Friday night on a warrant sworn out by Deputy United States Collector Getchell, charging him with stealing $5,000 worth of revenue stamps from the office of the deputy collector in March last. Claus was at the time an employe of the St. Joseph Brewing company and, it is alleged that he converted the stamps to his own use, meaning that he smuggled beer out of the brewery and stamped it with the stolen revenue stamps.

Charged with Attempted Murder.

MALDEN, Mass., Feb. 15.—In the district court E. Clarence Page, of Milford, and Mrs. Isabel I., wife of Huntley I. Clark, of this city were arraigned upon a warrant charging them with an attempt to murder Mrs E. Clarence Page by putting poison in her food. They pleaded not guilty and Page was held under $6,000 and Mrs. Clark under $2,000 bonds for trial Feb. 21. Page's brother furnished bonds for both prisoners.

Suicide of an Anarchist.

CHICAGO, Feb. 15.—James Hlavac, a saloonkeeper at 798 West Eighteenth street, committed suicide Saturday morning. The deed was done with a revolver which Hlavac placed to his heart. Hlavac had been long despondent over his family affairs, and he had also felt greatly depressed over the failure of the Anarchists to right the many supposed wrongs heaped upon the people.

Shot Through the Heart.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 15.—Henry Dozie, colored, was shot through the heart while sweeping a sidewalk in front of a fashionable boarding house. He was seen talking with three negroes, when one of them drew a revolver and shot him. The three negroes escaped and have not been captured. Some old grudge is supposed to have caused the murder.

A Lynching in Arkansas.

CAMDEN, Ark., Feb 15.—Early in the morning a mob broke doon the door of the jail here and took out Bill Larkin, the negro who killed Deputy Sheriff Ross last week, and hung him to one of the posts in the ravine bridge, after which they filled his body with bullets. Considerable excitement prevails but no serious trouble is anticipated.

Children Figure in a Tragedy.

CHEYENNE, Wy. T., Feb. 15.—Eugene Callahan, aged 15, shot three times at Maud Hall, aged 15, and then shot himself dead. The boy and girl were schoolmates. Eugene was of a precociously romantic disposition, and made love to Maud, who did not return his affection. This led to the shooting.

Shot From Ambush.

MOULTON, Iowa, Feb. 15.—Dick Hendron was shot in the back from ambuscade by unknown parties. The act was the rusult of a stabbing affray between Hendron's brother at the dance here Thanksgiving evening, in which both men and women took a general part.

Big Haul by Burglars.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Feb. 15.—Burglars entered the store of August Woeltz, in this city, blew open his safe and robbed it of $5,000. The job was skilfully done, and in the opinion of detectives, was the work of northern cracksmen.

THE FIRE RECORD.

Half a Million Dollar Blaze at Chicago—Several Firemen Hurt.

CHICAGO, Feb. 13.—About 7 o'clock in the morning fire broke out in the seven-story brick building on the northwest corner of Adams and Market streets, and in an hour the structure, with its contents, was totally destroyed, causing a loss of $500,000. The main portion of the loss falls on the firm of Work Bros., clothing manufacturers, and Taylor Bros. & Co., dealers in hats and caps. These two firms are practically one, and the stock destroyed in the fire was worth $350,000. Mendel Bros & Co., dealers in fancy dry goods, occupied the basement, and their loss is probably $25,000. The building, of which the flame scarred walls alone remain, belonged to J. V. Farwell & Co., and was estimated to be worth $100,000.

Several Firemen Hurt.

William Sallander, of truck 2, fell from a ladder striking on his head on the stone pavement. He was terribly cut, his skull fractured, and he will probably die. John Meyers, of truck 1, fell with the crashing in of the third floor, and was dragged out unconscious. It is thought he will recover. Three other firemen were badly cut about the face and hands by flying glass, but not dangerously hurt.

Flour Mill Destroyed by Fire.

MARCELINE, Mo., Feb. 13.—The Palace roller flour mill, owned by White & Schupp, was destroyed by fire Wednesday night. The loss is $25,000; insurance, $13. There was a large amount of wheat and flour stored in the mill. It is believed the fire was of incendiar origin. Five attempts have been made by incendiaries within the past month to destroy the town. Large rewards are offered for the arrest of the fire-bugs, and if caught it is thought they will be lynched.

Robert Garrett Disappears.

BALTIMORE, Md., Feb. 15.—Mr. Robert Garrett, the ex-president of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, has been removed from his country seat, but to what place is not known. He was taken away from "Uplands" Thursday afternoon in charge of two doctors, one of whom is Dr. Jacobs, who has been attending him for many months. His relatives feign ignorance of his whereabouts.

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JEWELS AND LACES.

"Oh, girl with the jewelled fingers,
Oh, maid with the laces rare!"

What are your jewels and what are your laces worth to you if, from undergoing the trying ordeals which fashionable society imposes on its devotees, and which are enough to test the physical strength and endurance of the most robust, you break down, lose your health and become a physical wreck, as thousands do from such causes?

Under such circumstances you would willingly give all your jewels and all your laces to regain lost health. This you can do if you will but resort to the use of that great restorative known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Thousands of grateful women bless the day it was made known to them.

For all those derangements, irregularities and weaknesses peculiar to women, it is the *only* remedy, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

As an invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, and other distressing, nervous symptoms, commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

An Illustrated Book of 160 pages, treating of "Woman and Her Diseases, and their Self-cure," sent sealed, in plain envelope, on receipt of ten cents, in stamps.

Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels. One a dose. Sold by druggists.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Barnum's show has closed at London after successes that exceeded his most sanguine expectations.

The mangled remains of Charles Harner, a messenger boy, were found in the yards at Andrews, Ind., Sunday by a Wabash switchman.

The Mexican government is encouraging the cultivation of rubber trees. A company has recently planted 300,000 in Chiapas.

Miss Lizzie Vail, of St. Louis, carrying $20,000 insurance upon her life, was shot and killed Saturday by her husband, to whom she had been married but a few weeks.

The house Saturday passed the senate bill providing for the ascertainment of the mortgage indebtedness of the country.

The state of Alabama is about to employ its women and children convicts in farming.

The saengerfest, which closed at New Orleans Saturday, was a brilliant success. The next meeting will be at Cleveland, Ohio, next year.

Two hundred admirers of Susan B. Anthony gave a banquet at Washington in honor of her 70th birthday, which occurred Saturday.

Thomas Fee, who killed Thomas Thorpe in Missouri and cut the body to pieces and burned it, has been arrested in the Ozark mountains.

Clarence Irwin, aged 16, accidentally shot and fatally injured George Allen, aged 14, at Pleasant Plains, Ills., Friday. Irwin was playing with a loaded revolver which he thought was not loaded.

Alida Cook, of Overisel, Mich., has brought suit against the Chicago and West Michigan railroad for $20,000 damages for for the killing of her husband by a freight train.

Mrs. Rose Aspberry of Galton, Ills., accidentally shot herself Saturday with a revolver, inflicting a serious if not fatal wound.

The attorney for George H. Westcott, of Portland, Me., handed the judge of a Topeka court a roll of bank notes amounting to $75,000, which the judge accepted in lieu of a bond. Westcott has bought the Topeka water works.

The great Nevada bank, of San Francisco, has been bought by a syndicate of Hebrews for $3,000,000.

Many people in Stevens county, Kan., are suffering for food and clothing.

Rev. H. S. Black, of the First Baptist church of Pana, Ills., Saturday baptized sixty-seven converts.

Mrs. W. P. Miller, of Buchanan, Mich. has borne nine children in seven years, including four pairs of twins.

A. S. Clough, of Prescott, A. T., drives a team of mules that are 33 and 35 years old. They are still good workers.

A colored man now has control of all the news stands on the principal elevated road in Brooklyn.

A New York lady recently had on her dinner table 150 orchids that cost $1.50 each.

Fayette county, Va., contains 9,000 dogs, one town alone having 1,000 of them.

A Michigan mathematician calculates that 17,500,000 people in the United States have had the grip.

A FRUITLESS SEARCH.

Mysterious Disappearance of a Peru, Ind., Boy Since Dec. 31.

PERU, Ind., Feb. 17.—A searching party of over 100 citizens under Sheriff Rhinabarger started from town early Sunday morning to find the body of Willie Affelder, who has been missing since Dec. 31 under peculiar circumstances. At the same time a party of farmers made a rendezvous at Lowisburg, in the western part of Miami county, and worked over the ground eastward toward Peru. The two divisions came together during the afternoon. No trace of the missing boy or hidden grave were discovered. The search was given up, and one more hope of relieving the terrible anxiety of his parents or of furnishing reliable evidence for the ugly rumors which are upon every one's tongue proves fruitless. The prominence of the boy's family is but one feature of the case which has made it the daily subject for conversation in Peru and throughout Miami county.

Engineer and Brakeman Killed.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Feb. 17.—The Cincinnati Southern freight trains Nos. 11 and 15 collided at Melville, Tenn., thirteen miles from here, at 7:30 p. m. Saturday. Engineer H. Crow of train No. 15 and Brakeman William Gray of train No. 11 were killed. The collision was caused by the negligence of the flagman, who failed to flag train No. 15.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Feb. 17.

Board of trade quotations to-day ranged as follows: Wheat—No. 2 February, opened and closed 74½; May, opened and closed 77¾c; July, opened and closed 76c. Corn—No. 2 February, opened 27½c, closed 27½c; May, opened 9¾c, closed 29¼c; July, opened 30¾c, closed 30¾c. Oats—No. 2 February, opened and closed 19½c; May, opened 20¾c, closed 21c; July, opened 20¾c, closed 20¾c. Pork—February, opened and closed $9.70; March, opened $9.72½, closed $9.75; May, opened $9.95, closed $9.97½. Lard—February, opene and closed $5.77½.

Live stock—The following were the quotations at the Union stock yards: Hogs—Market opened fairly active, with prices about 5c lower; light grades, $3.85@4.10; rough packing, $3.75@3.80; mixed lots, $3.85@4.05; heavy packing and shipping lots, $3.85@4.00. Cattle—Dull: beeves, weaker, $3.00@4.80; bulk, $3.60@3.90 cows, $1.40@3.00; stockers and feeders, $2.40 3.90; corn-fed Texans, $2.80@ .60. Sheep—Corn-fed westerns, $5.00@5.65; natives, $3.90@5.70; lambs, $5.00@6.80.

Produce: Butter—Fancy Elgin, 26½@27c; fine creameries, 24@25c; dairies, finest, fresh, 19@22c; packing stock, 4@5c. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 12@12½c per doz.; ice house stock, 7c. Dressed poultry—Chickens, 8@9c per lb.; turkeys, 12½@13c per lb; ducks, 8@12c per lb.; geese, 6@7c per lb. Potatoes—Peerless, 30@35c per bu; Beauty of Hebron, 30@35c per bu.; Burbanks, 30@40c per bu. Illinois sweet potatoes, good to fancy, $2.75@3.00. Apples—Good to fancy, $2.00@3.50 per bbl. Cranberries—Wisconsin bell and cherries, $9.00 per bbl.

Broom Corn—Hurl, 5@7c per lb; whisk brush 5½@6c; green, self-working, 5½@6c; inside and covers, 3½@5c; common brush, 3½@4c; crooked, 2@3½c.

New York.

NEW YORK, Feb. 17.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter, 85½c cash; do April, 85½; do May, 85½c; do June, 86½c. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 36c cash; do April, 36½; do May, 36½c; do June, 37¼c. Oats—Quiet No. 2 mixed 72½c cash; do March, 27¼c; do April, 27¼c; do May, 28½c. Rye—Dull. Barley—Nominal. Pork—Dull: mess, $10.75@11.50 for new. Lard—Quiet; March, $6.18; April, $6.22; May, 6.26.

Live stock: Cattle—Slow but firm; common to best steers, $3.70@5.00 per 100 lbs; ordinary and fair bulls, $ .50@4.75. Sheep and lambs—A trifle firmer for good stock; sheep, $4.70@5.35; lambs, $5.25@7.35. Hogs—Steady; live hogs, $4.15@4.55.

Toledo.

TOLEDO, Ohio, Feb. 17.

Wheat—Active: cash and February, 77c; May, 80c; July, 77½c; August, 77¾c. Corn—Quiet; cash, 29½c; May, 30½c. Oats—Quiet cash, 82½c; May, 29½c bid. Clover seed—Quiet; cash, February and March, $3.90.

BARABOO, Wis., Feb. 10.—A daughter of Farmer Kiumpf was forcibly taken from her home Friday afternoon while the family was absent, and lashed to a tree in the woods near by and left in an unconscious condition. When found late in the afternoon she was still unconscious. August Schuster, a young man residing in the neighborhood, has since been arrested, charged with the crime.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 22, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — "Blue Beard, Jr."

McVICKER'S THEATRE,
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—Rudolph Aronson's Comic Opera Co.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Richard III."

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"Nanon."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Robert Mantell.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union Howard Atheneum Specialty Co.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"In The Ranks."

JACOB'S CLARK STREET THEATRE.
Corner of North Clark and Kinzie Streets—Keilar.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

PANORAMA—NAVAL BATTLE.
Michigan ave., between Madison and Monroe streets—The great naval battle between the Monitor and Merrimac.

We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE PARNELL-"TIMES" COMMISSION'S REPORT.

The Parnell *Times* commission, with the cranky and prejudiced Sir James Hannen as president, made its report to the English house of commons on Friday of last week, and found Mr. Parnell not guilty on the three specific charges made against him, namely:

1. That at the time of the Kilmainham negotiations Mr. Parnell knew that P. J. Sheridan and M. Boynton had been organizing outrages, and therefore wished to use them to put down outrages.

2. That Mr. Parnell was intimate with the leading Invincibles; that he probably learned from them what they were about when he was released on parole, in April, 1882, and that he recognized the Phœnix Park murders as their handiwork.

3. That Mr. Parnell, on Jan. 23, 1883, by an opportune remittance enabled Frank Byrne to escape from justice to France.

The foregoing were the charges on which the English government, aided by the London *Times* wished to incriminate, and, if possible, hang Parnell. It must be borne in mind that P J. Sheridan was offered a bribe of $100,000 by the London *Times*—in our opinion a mere cover for the English secret service fund—to go to London and swear that Parnell knew all about the Phœnix Park assassinations. If Sheridan had been a scoundrel, like Le Caron, the infamous plot would have succeeded, and an innocent man would have had to mount the gallows' steps, like many a patriot before him. But let the readers of THE CITIZEN, while contemplating with horror the doom which Parnell so narrowly escaped, ask themselves what kind of a government is it that would descend to murder in order to accomplish a political end. The nature of the actual rulers of England — the aristocracy — has not changed since Edward IV drowned his brother, George of Clarence, in a butt of wine; since Richard III murdered his nephews to obtain the Crown; since Henry VII executed the unhappy Earl of Warwick, the last male of the Plantagenet line, to secure himself upon the Throne; since Henry VIII butchered his cousin, the Marchioness of Salisbury, and treacherously did to death "Silken Thomas" and his uncles; since his daughter, Mary, beheaded Lady Jane Grey; since his other daughter, Elizabeth, slaughtered her lover, the Earl of Essex; since "his sowship" James I, brought the grey hairs of Sir Walter Raleigh to the block; since James II had his bastard nephew, and namesake, James, Duke of Monmouth, executed for high treason, and since George III allowed the chiefs of the United Irishmen to be hanged, drawn and quartered by the score. The same ferocity is still apparent in the English governing classes. Lord Salisbury is the true descendant of that "Artful Cecil" of Elizabeth's time, who concocted the conspiracy that exiled forever from Ireland the noble houses of O'Neill and O'Donnell; and whose agents pursued their descendants with poison and the dagger to the remotest parts of Europe. Parnell may well be thankful, when reflecting on the kind of enemy with whom he had to deal, that he escaped with his life. The British government and the *Times* meant to destroy him when they offered a bribe so gigantic to P. J. Sheridan. This fact renders Mr. Parnell all the dearer to the Irish people. The fire that enveloped him has been a means of purification, and the extreme means taken to destroy him only emphasizes the high estimate the Tory party of England places on his labors for his native land.

The commission found the following respondents guilty of having "established and joined the Land League, with the intention, by its means, to bring about the absolute independence of Ireland as a separate nation:" Michael Davitt, Matthew Harris, John Dillon, William O'Brien, William Redmond, John O'Connor, John Condon and James J. O'Kelly. The gentlemen thus "convicted" belong, forevermore, to the Irish National Legion of Honor, and deserve well of their country and their race. THE CITIZEN heartily congratulates them on the honorable distinction they have achieved. They were likewise found "guilty" of having conspired against the landlords and encouraged boycotting, both most worthy and benevolent "offenses." They were further found "guilty" of having distributed "the *Irish World* and other newspapers tending to incite sedition and the commission of other (agrarian) crimes" in Ireland. Bravo, gentlemen, this is doing remarkably well indeed! You are now, by reason of the English verdict against your "loyalty" to the British Crown and connection, the chevaliers of the movement for Irish liberty.

The report says that, in the judgment of the commission, the leaders of the Land League, in combining to carry out the boycott, were guilty of a criminal conspiracy and the charge is considered established against Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, Biggar, Sexton, T. P. O'Connor, Matthew Harris, W. O'Brien, T. D. Sullivan, T. M. Healy, T. Harrington, E. Harrington, A. O'Connor, J. E. Kenny, W. Redmond, J. E. Redmond, Justin McCarthy, J. O'Connor, T.J. Condon, J.J. O'Kelly, Cummins, Cox, Patrick O'Rhea, J. D. Sheehan, J. Leahy, E. Leamy, J. Barry, C. K. Tanner, Maurice Healy, T. Quinn, Daniel Crilly, Henry Campbell, P. J. Foley, J.J. Clancy, J. F. X. O'Brien, R. Lalor, T. Manne, J. Deasy, J. C. Flynn, J. Jordan, W. J. Lane, D. Sheehy, D. Sullivan, G. N. Burn and Michael Davitt.

Not bad, by any means. A distinguished Chicago newspaper, always friendly to the oppressed tenants of Great Britain and Ireland, recommended, not many years ago, that the Scotch crofters should imitate their Irish neighbors in dealing with their landlords, and, if they were evicted to make room for grouse and deer, to "make game" of their tyrants. The late D. R. Locke, Petroleum V. Nasby, said that the only fault he could find with the Irish tenants, threatened with eviction, was that they were too peaceful, too little resentful of gross tyranny and injustice. Americans would never stand such oppression, he said, without hurting somebody. Well, the Irish people have improved in that respect, of late years, as will be seen by glancing at the following comparative statistics, taken from the report of the commission: "Agrarian crime raged in Ireland when the League agitation was at its height. An instance is cited from the county Kerry, where the League was organized in October, 1880. Crimes immediately increased from thirteen cases in 1879 to 298 in 1880. The coincident decrease of crime with the inactivity of the League was equally conspicuous. When the league was suppressed in 1881 crime dropped from 4,439 cases in 1881 to 870 cases in 1883. It was contended before the commission that the causes of crime were not due to the League, but to the chronic state of Ireland under distress, aggravated by eviction. There is no doubt that evictions contributed to crime, but comparative statistics showed that the dominant cause was the League agitation. The first year in which statistics of eviction and crime, respectively, were compiled was in 1849, and comparisons showed that during the severe distress of the years from 1849 to 1853, inclusive, when 52,423 families were evicted, the total of agrarian crimes was 4 245; whereas for the four years from 1879 to 1882, with 11,946 families evicted, the total record of crimes was 11 312. The fact was that with 3 415 families evicted in 1881 crime reached a total 4 439 greater than all the four years from 1849 to 1852, when 58,428 were evicted."

Well, from 1849 to 1852, the majority of the farming people of Ireland were in the throes of famine and typhus fever. They had neither strength nor spirit, and they either died tamely in the ditch or the poor house, to which British "law" and Irish landlordism doomed them, or else they fled in millions to this country. Tipperary, Roscommon, Westmeath and a few other counties kept up the resistance record, such as it was, and saved thousands of families from eviction, through the terror of their operations against the landlords and their tools. The country held much more than the people could eat, and the food, in great part at least, belonged to them, because they had raised it, but the "natural leaders," God forgive them! advised the starving creatures to suffer death by starvation rather than slaughter an ox, a sheep or a hog for the sustenance of their families, because the animal was, by a polite fiction, supposed to be the property of a landlord, who might need the price money to support harlots in London or in Paris. What morality! What philosophy! Well that kind of reasoning cost Ireland 1,500,000 lives, and her numerical reduction, by starvation and exile, from the proportions of a nation to those of a province. It is gratifying, therefore, to observe that the old spirit of resistance is reviving. There are certain classes of agrarian crimes that call for condemnation—such as the mutilation of dumb beasts, and midnight assaults on the houses of obnoxious farmers, which, too frequently, result in fatal consequences; but manly resistance to landlords, agents, bailiffs, process servers, emergency men, supplanters, sheriffs, soldiers, peelers and other oppressors, or agents of oppressors, is only the exercise of the right of self-defense and cannot be regarded by sensible people in any other light. The only wonder is that the whole island is not ablaze with crime, because, surely, no country has had more provocation. If the Irish people did anything less than they have done, leaving out the cowardly and cruel class of crimes already specified, they would deserve not alone contempt but extermination.

It is positively amusing to read the following excerpt from the report, showing as it does how utterly impossible it is for Englishmen of the Hannen type, or, in fact, of almost any type, to understand that the masses of the Irish people do not feel themselves bound by English "law" in any sense:

"During the years 1880, 1881, and 1882 the League as an organization took no steps whatever in aid of the detection of crime, and gave no directions for that purpose to its branches throughout the country. The sentiment in Ireland against aiding the police in the discovery of criminals was not confined to the ignorant, but was shared by those from whose education juster views of duty should prevail. Thus Mr. Davitt approved of the act of the widow Walsh in exhorting her sons in prison, convicted of murder, rather to die, though innocent, than to disclose the name of the true criminal. Mr. Davitt said this woman was entitled to honor; and a subscription was raised in her favor. The expression of such sentiments created a false standard of honor and impeded the detection of crime. Proof has been given that the League systematically and indiscriminately defrayed the expense of the defense of persons charged with agrarian crime. While supplying means for the defense of prisoners is in the abstract justifiable, we entertain no doubt that the knowledge that such assistance will in all cases be afforded must have the effect to encourage persons so disposed to commit outrages. The same observation applies to the support of their families."

Mark the words "a false standard of honor," as if an Irishman would not be the veriest hound that ever yelped if he aided the English government in the work of destroying his benefactors. The English cannot, apparently, get it into their heads that the Irish are tired of them and their laws. They have suffered from them long enough to be tired of them, and the breaking of "laws," intended to annihilate a nation by process of wholesale eviction, cannot be regarded otherwise than with favor by those who understand the Anglo-Irish question. Gen. Grant once said that the best way to secure the repeal of an obnoxious law was to enforce it vigorously. There is, in Ireland at least, a still more effective way—to oppose it vigorously. Let the Catholic Emancipation, Disestablishment of the Church and partial reform of the land laws bear witness.

TURN THE RASCALS OUT.

It is a pity that Chief of Police Marsh, who began his administration of the police department so well and sensibly, should have allowed himself to be made ridiculous by a few "Irish" cranks and amateur mouchards, whose proper sphere would be to act as assistants to some Russian woman whipper or English hangman. The arrest of innocent people in this free country, on the information of embittered fools or knaves, is no joking matter. The dragging in of the names of loyal and respectable citizens in connection with the already sufficiently abominable Cronin murder is a damned outrage. It is worse than an outrage—it is a base crime, an offense that some law ought to reach, if it does not. Mr. Marsh is, we believe, an Englishman by birth. It cannot be said of him that since his accession to power he has shown race hatred, or bigotry of any kind. THE CITIZEN regrets to have to say that the devil behind the throne is the ancient devil of Irish faction—the fiend that has been the bane of Ireland for many a weary century. In Ireland this native fiend developed himself in the person of many an informer and traitor, who stole up the back stairs of Dublin Castle for the dastardly betrayal of his own fellow-countrymen. In America the fiend shows himself as an adviser of the chief of police, particularly in this city. He fixes his evil eye upon some man against whom he conceives a spite, and the result is an infamous violation of the American constitution, for which the violators ought to be severely punished. Then some of the papers make use of the occasion to besmirch, if they can, men whose personal reputation is much superior to that of any official of Cook county or the city of Chicago. Every "officer" who was instrumental in the arrest of the man, J. B. Kelly, ought to be dismissed from the police force; and every paper that mentioned the names of decent citizens in connection with a murderous felony ought to be mulcted in damages that would cause the suspension of publication. Superintendent Marsh, in imitating the weak and prejudiced Hubbard, is undoing himself. He ought to send adrift the fool policemen who have exposed him to ridicule, and kick the next delegation of Irish amateur sleuth hounds who may call upon him out of his office. Under existing conditions, there is not much to choose between the police system of Chicago and that of St. Petersburg.

BRAVE JOE BIGGAR.

Ireland is called upon to mourn a good and true son, in the person of Mr. Joseph G. Biggar, M. P., "the Father of Obstruction," who died suddenly of heart disease near London on Wednesday. Mr. Biggar had acted as teller in the division on Parnell's motion to amend the Queen's speech the previous night, and seemed to be in his usual health. Mr. Biggar was unmarried. He was born in Belfast, of Protestant parentage, in 1828, and took an early interest in public affairs. He heard Thomas Francis Meagher's celebrated speech to the Orangemen of Ulster in his native city in 1847, and the proud question of the young orator, "How say you, yeomen of the North, has the Red Hand withered?" never faded from his memory. He always cherished in his inmost heart the glorious spirit of Irish nationality. Mr. Biggar's ruling passion was a vigorous hatred of England. He never minced his words when speaking of the atrocities practised by the government of that country in Ireland. When Parnell became the leader of the Irish party, Mr. Biggar at once sprang into prominence in the house of commons, and made the lives of the English members miserable by his powers of obstruction. In this respect he was much bolder than his leader, or than any of his associates. He distrusted all English statesmen, and said that Ireland could never get anything from England, except by raising shoel. Mr. Biggar became so Irish in feeling of late years, that he would not even remain a Protestant—a religion that he considered much too English. He, therefore, joined the Catholic church, and was a sincere communicant at the time of his death. Joseph Biggar was a good and gallant son of Ireland, albeit of English descent. He will be mourned by millions of his countrymen who never heard his voice or looked upon his face. May his bliss be eternal.

MR. JOHN A. QUALEY, the distinguished young lawyer of this city, was recently married to the charming Miss Lally, of Hyde Park. The wedding was strictly private. Mr. Qualey's brief but bright career in Chicago gives promise of a still more brilliant future. His bride is fit to be the wife of an Emperor, or, better still, of a President of the United States. THE CITIZEN wishes the happy pair a constant journey through the pleasure grounds of life.

CAPT. BREEN, agent for THE CITIZEN in Missouri and elsewhere, desires to return his sincere thanks to Messrs. C. Sullivan, A. P. Foley, A. Clark, John Monahan and Con Maloney, of Kansas City, for the kind assistance they gave him in his mission. THE CITIZEN desires to thank the gentlemen also.

J. B. KELLY, arrested on damphool suspicion for alleged complicity in Cronin's murder, has been discharged from custody.

MARSH'S peelers got stuck in a bog when they arrested Kelly.

OBITUARY.

MR. J. J. SOLON.

Mr. J. J. Solon, a prominent resident of Chicago, died at his residence, No. 140 East Chicago avenue, on Saturday of last week. Mr. Solon was a man of good physique, but that present scourge of America, acute pneumonia, proved too much for a strong constitution and medical science combined. The funeral occurred on Monday morning from the house to the Cathedral of the Holy Name, where the Rev. Father Scanlan celebrated requiem mass. The church was crowded with mourners. The pall bearers were Messrs. William Hereley, Thomas Webb, E. A. Hayes, J. D. O'Brien, P. O'Malley and William Tobin. The funeral procession that escorted the remains to Calvary cemetery was unusually large. Mr. Solon was born in Rutland, Kane county, Ill., about forty years ago, and came to Chicago in 1868. He was a most estimable man in every relation of life. The Irish-American social club, of which he was an active member, sent a deputation to attend the funeral, and appointed a committee to draft suitable resolutions in honor of the deceased.

MR. JOHN C. GARRITY.

Mr. John C. Garrity, brother of State Senator Garrity, and a young man widely known in this city, died at the family residence, Market and Superior streets, on Thursday of last week, of the prevailing epidemic. His funeral, which had a remarkably large attendance, occurred on Sunday morning from the house to the Holy Name cathedral and thence by cars to Calvary cemetery. It required a dozen cars to convey all the mourners to the cemetery. Mr. Garrity is greatly lamented by all who knew him. He was in the prime of youth and vigor and his sudden taking off has filled his relatives and friends with the most profound sorrow.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

Eleanor Kirk Says It Consists in Sleeping Alone—People Healthier for so Doing.

The Lonesome Cure Ably Discanted Upon — Authors and Publishers — About Pulitzer.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., February 18.—In rather a singular communication received from a woman calling herself "Thinker," I found the following somewhat unique statement. "I know from experience that two persons ought never to occupy the same bed, but the extra amount of washing and ironing which single beds entail, makes sleeping alone, an impossibility at my house. I feel ten years younger the mornings that I wake after a night by myself, and I notice that the children always look fresher and are more harmonious."

Does it seem possible that any sane woman would allow the laundering of a few sheets and pillow cases to interfere with the physical and spiritual health of her family? I never had any special drawing to the wash tub, but if I were in my correspondent's place the wash board and the wringer would sing some pretty vigorous airs under my own manipulation if I could not afford to hire this work done. No two persons should habitually sleep together, and I know from experience that the children who sleep alone are, as a rule, not only healthier but far easier to manage than those who have constant bedfellows.

Some of my readers cannot have an abiding faith in my promises, for I have already been reminded three times that I said in my last week's letter I would tell how to make up the "Toile du Nord" dress goods, and to "please not forget it." I truly did not need these reminders, though no one is more alive to the possibility of "disremembering," as Artemus Ward used to say, than your scribe who means to keep her word to the last letter.

One correspondent inquires minutely about trimmings. It will be a great mistake to trim this beautiful fabric. It trims itself. Braids upon elaborate plaids or stripes only confuse the eye and give a dowdy appearance to the whole costume. The skirts of these dresses are made perfectly plain, and about four yards wide. Three or five tucks about an inch in width at the top or a finger width hem is a favorite way of finishing the striped Toile du Nord skirts. The plaids are prettier with a wide hem alone. The most fashionable waist is the so-called "baby body," gathered full into the waistband and the neck. These bodies are all fastened to the skirts. In this way there is no unpleasant parting possible at this point, and the weight of the garment comes where it naturally belongs—upon the shoulders. A full sleeve is much prettier than a plain one. Yokes are much in vogue by those who like them. Another pretty style is a plain skirt with a cutaway jacket with full surah fronts, rolling surah collar and cuffs to match. As the Toile du Nord is a wash goods, those who prefer the surah fronts and collars, have them in detachable shape. "Fore and aft" caps are made to match the goods, for the mountains and seashore, and to use the adjective of an admiring gentleman—they are just natty." In fact the whole costume is as natty and as pretty as it is inexpensive.

The new cook book issued by the Agate Iron Ware Company contains some of the best receipts I have ever seen. Many of them are new, and they are all so carefully given that even the most inexperienced cannot easily make mistakes. They are also original. I never heard of fried beans, for instance, until I read the directions in this little book, but I am prepared to say that they really go ahead of baked beans; this is certainly great praise from a Yankee. These books can doubtless be obtained by sending a two cent stamp to the Agate Iron Ware Company, New York City.

According to a bright paragraph from one of our newspaper correspondents, publishers are really very much hurt by the statements of the authors who feel that they have not been fairly dealt with. He cites the case of a publisher who, because a young woman was "very much in need of funds," generously offered her a copyright of 20 per cent. All that was left to the humane publisher was nine cents a copy and with this he had to pay all the expenses of getting the volume out. This seems rather mixed, but I hope the humanitarian is still alive, for I should like his picture to hang in my study. If he is not on the face of the earth, I should like to have a glimpse of some other publisher who pays royalties of 20 per cent to young women "in need of funds." This is not the way that business is usually conducted. There is no more consideration shown the poor young woman in any business than the rich one. If the poor young woman writes a brilliant book she is offered the usual percentage. Many unjust accusations are doubtless made against publishers, but the best thing to do in the present state of affairs is for authors to publish their own books. Then in case of failure they can accept the whole responsibility, and in case of success they can pocket the receipts.

I have been requested several times to give the correct pronunciation of the name of the proprietor of the New York *World*. It is related of Mr. St. Clair McKelway, editor in chief of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, who has a trick of calling both things and persons by their right names, that he once asked Mr. Pulitzer for this information. "You see my nose I suppose?" the latter gentleman inquired. "Since you call my attention to that organ, I must admit that I do," was the smiling response. "Very well then—pull it Sir," said the owner of the *World*. This settles it.

Dr. Van Dyck was heard to good advantage in the Scotch Presbyterian church the other day against the doctrine of "infant damnation." But the pity of it. To think that it is necessary to make such a protest. To think that such a diabolical doctrine could still be embodied in the Westminster Confession or the Presbyterian Creed. To think that any person could ever have had such a conception of God. Of course it was never believed. If it had been the world's population would have been made up of lunatics.

A housekeeper wishes to know if she can keep her Fleischmann's yeast cakes hard and pure for a week, and whether discoloration is an evidence of deterioration. She has no ice chest, and her husband only goes to market on Saturdays. I have friends in the country who have kept their yeast cakes even three weeks, and the bread produced from them at the end of this time was absolutely perfect. A good place is on a window sill away from the rays of the sun, and where they will not freeze. They need to be kept steadily cool. That is the only condition necessary. A slight discoloration, unless the yeast is soft, is not always to be taken as evidence of decay. So long as the yeast breaks brittle it is good.

ELEANOR KIRK.

DISPUTED AUTHORSHIP.

[To the Editor.]

15 STONE STREET, NEW YORK, Feb. 4.—I have seen, on the last number of your worthy paper, a letter from Mr. T. O'Neill Russell, lauding a Gaelic letter which he has presented as a production of Cluny MacPhersons, written by him, Mr. Russell says, shortly after the battle of Culloden, which he says was fought in 1745. I am very glad that that little Gaelic letter has deserved such encomiums from such an infallible judge as Mr. Russell is. But, however, he has erred concerning its author. If there is any honor, let him have it to whom it is due. The battle of Culloden (or Dromossil Moor) was fought on the 16th of April, 1746. Mr. MacCombich, of whom Mr. Russell speaks, was a descendant of Gollebhain MacCoimbhaich, who stood in the breach, made in the wall of Culloden Park, and who fought so bravely. He (Mr. MacCombich) brought me a manuscript—an extract from some patriotic Scotch book or writing—last June, in the English language and he requested me to translate a portion of it, marked "A to B," for him, into Irish or Scotch Gaelic and in the proper idiom. He told me that he wanted to send it to his brother, who lives in England, and who is married to a very rich lady. He wanted it for her, to have it printed, for he said that she was a very learned lady and a great writer. I did it for him. I translated it first into Gaelic, or Irish, in the regular and natural Irish letters, and after, I put it in English (or if you please Roman) letters. He told me afterwards that it was printed in England and in Scotland. I have his letter to me on the subject, dated June 17, 1889, and also a diagram of the battle-field he sent with it, and the copy of the translation I first wrote in Irish letters, which I can let any one see who calls on me. I wrote that letter last June. Give a poor fellow credit for what he has done, though the skies fall.

THOMAS D NORRIS.

FROM NEW YORK.

A Parisian Sensation—Children as Actors—A Ghastly Job.

NEW YORK, Feb. 17.—The arrival in this city last week of two French detectives on the trail of a murderer serves to extend to America the excitement in a case which is the present sensation of Paris. Michael Eyraud, the murderer, is supposed to be in this city under the surveillance of the police. His victim, who was a tithe collector by the name of Gouffe, was reported to the Paris police as missing last July. He was last seen in the company of Eyraud and the latter's mistress, Gabrielle Bompard, known as "the handsomest woman in France." Gouffe had just received a large sum of money and was spending it freely for drinks. Some weeks afterwards his body was found in a ditch near Lyons, and close by was a broken trunk. About two weeks ago, the woman Bompard, who after the murder had disappeared with Eyraud, suddenly entered the office of the Prefect of Police and stated that Eyraud had killed Gouffe while she looked on. She had brought the victim to her room and while his arms were around her, the murderer, who was concealed behind a curtain, stole forth and strangled him. They had a trunk prepared and in it placed the body, which they afterwards threw into the ditch near Lyons. The woman expected to receive immunity by turning State's evidence, but in this she will be disappointed, as the law does not allow it.

TO PREVENT CHILD ACTING.

The question as to whether children under sixteen can legally be permitted to appear in any performance or exhibition is being settled this week before the Court of General Sessions. A number of these little tots, who represented the children of the "old woman who lived in a shoe," have been delighting the audiences at Niblo's for some time past. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is prosecuting the matter, and Mr. Meade, the manager of the theatre, has been hauled up for a misdemeanor under the Penal Code. A great deal of interest is centered on the trial, as this is regarded as a test case. The manager claims that the children are well treated and that they contribute materially to the income of their parents. He also says it is unfair to attack him and allow other managers to go unmolested. There is no doubt but that public opinion is with the manager. The Society is very inconsistent, and seems filled with some queer notions as to "cruelty," which it has often displayed before. If it exercised half its diligence in looking after the pinched up children employed in factories, etc., and the worn out cash boys and cash girls its usefulness would be much greater.

CLEARING OUT A BURYING-GROUND

A rather ghastly work is being performed this week, which consists in the exhuming and cremating of the bodies of persons who died of contagious diseases, and were buried in the Quarantine cemetery. There are 300 of these bodies altogether and they have been accumulating during the past 25 years. A temporary retort has been constructed on the premises into which the remains are thrown in batches of fifty or more. The bodies are first dug up and piled in a heap until a batch is obtained when they are placed in the furnace. The work is being done by the same contractor and the same men who cleaned up the debris after the flood in Johnstown.

EDWIN ARLINGTON.

"WARPATH AND BIVOUAC."

Mr. John F. Finerty's Volume of Personal Experiences and Adventures During the Campaigns Which Ended the Sioux Wars Now in Press.

All Who Desire to Possess This Stirring Book Should Immediately Send in Their Orders and Subscriptions.

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Mr. John F. Finerty's book "Warpath and Bivouac, or the Conquest of the Sioux," a narrative of stirring personal experiences and adventures in the Big Horn and Yellowstone expedition of 1876, and in the campaign on the British border in 1879, is now in the hands of the printers, Messrs. Donohue, Henneberry & Co., and will soon be issued, in two styles of binding, octavo, at $3.50 and $2 per volume. The $3.50 edition will be bound in half morocco leather, with gilt edges and gold stamp on the back and side. The $2 edition will be bound in extra fine, silk finished, cloth, with marbled edges and gold stamp on the back and side.

Apart from the binding, the matter and material in both editions, including map and illustrations, will be the same.

The book is written in the well known narrative style of the author, when he was war correspondent for the Chicago *Times*, on the Indian frontier, and will cover all the exciting and thrilling incidents of the memorable campaigns of 1876 and 1879, under Generals Crook, Terry, Gibbon, Custer, Miles, Carr and other officers of distinction.

The volume describes the wild region commonly called "the Plains," and the wilder savages who occupied it, as they appeared in the adventurous days of which it treats.

Part I deals with the journey from Chicago to the frontier forts; the rendezvous on the Union Pacific railroad; the march upon the Platte; the great Black Hills gold fever, of 1874-6, which led to the Indian troubles; the rough riding of Indian campaigners; the warrior tales around the watch-fires of the troops; the splendid scenery of the Big Horn mountains; the deserted posts on the famous Bridger Trail; the theatre of the Fort Phil. Kearney massacre, in 1866; the burial in the wilderness; the first attack of the hostile Indians on Gen. Crook's camp; the charge of Mills' battalion of cavalry up Tongue river bluffs; the arrival of the picturesque Crow and Sho-sho-ne Indian allies in full war costume; the experiences of the infantry on muleback, and other interesting features of camp-life in the western wilds.

It also describes the march of the expedition against Sitting Bull, and the unequalled buffalo hunt participated in by the friendly Indians on both sides of the military column; how war correspondents are placed in Indian campaigns; the battle of the Rosebud, June 17, 1876; the mounted combat between the Crow and Sho-sho-ne Indians on the one side and the Sioux and Cheyennes on the other, in full view of the troops; remarkable rescue of Sergt. Van Moll by "Humpy," a Crow Indian scout; the march of the cavalry down Dead Canon and the great peril in which Col. Royall was placed; the fall of Col. Henry, with a terrible wound in his face; the flank march of the battalions of Mills and Noyes; they fall on the rear of the Sioux, who retreat rapidly, thus relieving Royall's command; horrible mutilation of dead Sioux by the Crow Indians; the Sho-sho nes weeping for their dead, and other incidents of the combat.

The book then deals with the monotony of camp life, while Crook is awaiting reinforcements; how officers "sit down" on one another; the smoke of Custer's battle, of June 25, seen in the distance by Col. Mills; how it was mistaken for a possible prairie fire; the hunt for giant game amid the eternal snows of the main Big Horn range; Italy surpassed in beauty; a snow storm in July; the return to camp over a new trail.

Following this comes a graphic description of the author's experiences in the famous Sibley Scout, July 6-9, 1876; the sighting of the hostiles; the retreat to the mountains; the firing from ambush by the Indians; the soldiers' skirmish line in the edge of the forest; wounded horses; the Indian charge and its repulse; the death of the Indian leader; a prolonged conflict; how it feels to be looking death squarely in the face; Sibley advised by the scouts to retreat on foot and abandon the remaining horses; perils of the movement at a distance of fully fifty miles from the main camp; the passes occupied by the savages; the retreat over the crest of the mountains, with all its stirring and romantic incidents; the tempest on the summit at midnight; scaling a beetling precipice; the Indians appear again; taking up a strong position; crossing a mountain torrent in the dark hours of the morning; sufferings of the men; four miles in six hours; in camp at last.

After the description of the Sibley Scout comes a lucid account of the awful Custer massacre; the Indian version of the Little Big Horn tragedy; the failure of Maj. Reno to support Custer; Gen. Terry's celebrated order to Custer before his fatal march; an atrocious butchery of the doomed soldiers; the battle with Reno's men in the bluffs; the opportune arrival of Gens. Terry and Gibbon to the rescue; joy of the besieged troops; ghastly scenes on the Custer battlefield.

Next comes Gen. Wesley Merritt's fight with the Cheyennes on War Bonnet creek; he drives them into Red Cloud agency; the chief Yellow Hand killed by "Buffalo Bill" in a hand to hand fight; thrilling adventure of a scout named Kelly; how to go through the Indian country in comparative safety; Merritt joins Crook's column; pen pictures of notable officers and scouts; superb mountain and prairie fire and the wild flight of frightened animals; a night march on the Indian trail down the Valley of the Rosebud; meeting of Crook's and Terry's commands; the survivors of Custer's regiment; ghastly discovery on Tongue river; the Sioux scalping knife; sufferings of the march; "everlasting wet," and no tents to shelter Crook's men; "sleeping" under a deluge; remarks of the wearied soldiers; Crook and Terry separate; the terrible cross march to the Little Missouri and Heart river; horses die or "play out" by the hundred; the soldiers, being almost starved to death, use them for food; all else failing, the flesh of the animals is regularly issued for rations; the miseries of marching through mud; sickness among the troops.

Then follows a vivid description of the fighting at Slim Buttes; harrowing incidents of Indian warfare; a ghastly group of dead; the wounded and captured chief American Horse; his desperate and heroic resistance; "Buffalo Chips" and others shot dead; death song of the Indian women; Gen. Crook's humanity; the evening attack; Crazy Horse, after a gallant effort, fails to break our line; he finally retreats; next morning attacks the rear guard and is repulsed by Gen. Carr; the rain and mud grow worse and worse; astounding hardships of officers and men alike; startling adventure of Sergt. Van Moll and Corporal Bessie; they ride through a hostile Indian village in the night time, and escape by the speed of their horses; arrival of supplies from the Black Hills settlements; in camp on the Belle Fourche.

The entry of Gen. Crook into the Black Hills: his reception by the settlers; Deadwood as it appeared in 1876; a mountain municipality; gold dust as currency; hunting for horse shoers; the ride to Custer City; charming scenery; Crook as a path finder; a new mount and a long, hard ride; wild gallop over the plains of the South Cheyenne; reaching Red Cloud; meeting with noted Indians; a red letter night with "the regular army O" at the sutler's store; meeting with Gen. McKenzie at a midnight camp fire: a winter campaign; McKenzie gains a brilliant victory over Dull Knife; Lieut. McKinney killed; surrender of Crazy Horse; his base treachery and tragical death; Sitting Bull seeks the shelter of the British territory; Gen. Nelson A. Miles "settles his hash" a little later on.

Part II of the book contains the account of Gen. Miles' picturesque campaign, on the British frontier, in the Milk River region, Montana, in 1879. Among the scenes and incidents comprised in Part II are the voyage up the Missouri river, with a dangerous cargo on board, from Bismarck to Fort Peck; the improvised military stockade on the river bank; a friendly call from the Assiniboine Indians; scared hunters; celebrating the Fourth of July in the camp.

The mosquito pest; "smudging out" the insects; arrival of Gen. Miles with the main body of the expedition; Two Moons, the Cheyenne chief, and Long Dog of the Sioux; Gen. Miles' tart reply to Old Necklace of the Yanktonnais Sioux; recruits as horsemen; the Hotchkiss cannon.

The march to the British line; signaling by heliostat; Cheyennes pursue fugitive horsemen; Black Catfish and the Yanktonnais delegation; a frightened half breed, captured after a long chase; Lieut. Clark's command encounters Sitting Bull on Beaver Creek; Gen. Miles gallops with all his available force to the rescue; a sharp fight; retreat of the Sioux before the fire of the Hotchkiss guns; terrible thunder storm; a singular phosphorescent phenomenon; confusion in the darkness; Mr. Booth and his pistol; wild Indian scene in Gen. Miles' tent—a ghastly trophy.

Fording Milk river; contrary horses; how Indians cross rivers; gallant act of Private Dowd; narrow escape of Col. Whistler; recovering lost scalps; young Sitting Bull murdered by the Crows; hunting for the British Line; in camp near the Line; scouts see hostiles; Maj. Walsh, of the Northwestern mounted police, arrives in camp; he confers with Gen. Miles; death of the Cheyenne warrior, "Shadow-Comes-Out."

Face to face with Sitting Bull; Long Dog's admiration of artillery; in sight of the hostile camp; a lying half breed; a scalp dance in Sitting Bull's village; a formidable array of savages; first look at Sitting Bull; his personal appearance and manner; Indian costumes; a group of famous warriors; they hurl speeches at the author; he replies to them; Broad Trail and Spotted Eagle; Bad Soup's sullen demeanor; Maj. Walsh's remarks; Sitting Bull leaves the council; a serious case of mistaken identity; Sitting Bull as a horse breaker; he explains his retreat from Milk river; the Sioux waiting for their slain.

Hobnobbing with the hostiles; looking at the Teton village, an imposing array of tepees; an immense pony herd; a reminiscence of the Little Big Horn; arrival of White Eagle; he calls upon the author; an unfortunate skirmish; Pretty Face mortally wounded; White Eagle's remarks; great tenacity of life; an old Indian acquaintance; a critical situation; White Eagle's warning; danger to the author from the Indian spirit of retaliation.

About pretty squaws; Indians not Christians; not half as dirty as painted; trained to endure suffering; the French half breeds; a peculiar people; primitive vehicles; farewell to the Sioux chiefs; back to the frontier; my escort; peculiar reflections; a hero of Balaclava; his story of the charge of the Six Hundred; how Cardigan led; headlong rapture of the charge; a mad impulse to kill; terrible sabre strokes; right through the Russian ranks; the ride back from "the jaws of death"; an Irish soldier's humor; an ungrateful country; the homeward ride; bivouacking under the moon rays; captured half breeds; exciting adventure with the Cheyennes; back to Miles' camp.

The half breed camp; light hearted prisoners; dancing in the moonlight; Gen. Miles breaks camp; the expedition dissolved: last view of the great northern bison herd; extinction of that race of animals; Capt. M—— and the coyotes; starved out; final surrender of Sitting Bull; the Sioux conquest completed. Appendix.

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Who leaped to arms at Lincoln's call, rough paths of war to tread!
To follow Freedom's beacon-flag through fields of bloody strife;
To crush Rebellion's giant-power and save the Nation's life!
No hireling serfs of feudal lords filled up our serried files,
Inspired by love of pay and pelf, or royal puppet's smiles—
'Twas patriotic zeal evoked the Union Volunteers
Who rushed to victory or defeat, with proud, defiant cheers!

"Hardtack," "salt-horse," or lack of both, made grumblers on the sly,
Yet none more promptly fell in line when "Forward!" was the cry;
Brave, dashing, true, light-hearted boys, now crippled, old and low,
We've seen you charge through waves of fire, the reckless, yelling foe!
Had blood-won Gettysburg been lost, our cities up to Maine
Were doomed to looting, steel and torch, and slavery's welded chain:
But desperate valor saved the bonds; preserved the merchant's hoard;
Beheading Treason's Copperhead by Union's loyal sword!

Our soldier-haters are not all of Dixie's land to-day;
They're Northern shylocks, ingrates base, who shirked at home to prey
On Uncle Sam's necessities, and fill their moneybags;
Yet just such knaves cry: "Pension frauds," to keep old vets in rags,
But potent chiefs, whose pledge of help we, comrades, dare not doubt,
Will prop the broken warriors up, till final muster out;
They're ready, too, God bless them! to repel each vile attack,
With justice as their guiding star and legions at their back.

For those poor fellows we demand no gift in word or form;
But sacred contracts, pledges made in teeth of Treason's storm,
Should be fulfilled, if ever, after five and twenty years,
To cheer our comrades in their need and dry the widow's tears,
While up and down the country plod an army corps of tramps,
Survivors of the braves who sleep in God's green acre camps;
Fraternal ties of comradeship all party ties ignore,
As long as those who legislate refuse to pay the score.

—*National Tribune.*

ALL MEDICAL authorities agree that catarrh is no more nor less than an inflammation of the lining membrane of the nasal air passages. Nasal catarrh and all catarrhal affections of the head are not diseases of the blood, and it is a serious mistake to treat them as such. No conscientious physician ever attempts to do so. It is held by eminent medical men that sooner or later a specific will be found for every disease from which humanity suffers. The facts justify us in assuming that for catarrh at least a positive cure already exists in Ely's Cream Balm.

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HON. THOMAS BRENNAN, of Omaha, Neb., and the REV. DR. CLAMPITT, of Springfield, Ill., will address the meeting.
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DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF FREDERICK PAYNE, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Frederick Payne, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April A. D. 1890, being the 21st day thereof. EDWARD DELORENZO, Administrator.

Dated Chicago, February 4, 1890.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF ROSE PAYNE, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Rose Payne, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1890, being the 21st day thereof. EDWARD DELORENZO, Administrator.

Dated Chicago, February 4, 1890.

THE DYING HORSE.

Fall back! Fall back! Give him room to die!
Hard is the bed where he needs must lie.
For his toilsome life this is the end!
Has he no master—no loving friend?

Is it here the old horse must welcome death,
Where a gaping crowd watches every breath,
Under the midsummer's scorching sun?
Is this his reward for work well done?

How his limbs shudder! How his eyes roll!
Seek they at last for a pitying soul?
Or only for quiet—quiet to die
In some lonely valley green, where a brook gurgles by?

So; he knows nothing of clover fields cool,
Where cattle at noonday stand deep in the pool.
He never wandered the pastures sweet—
His roadway through life was the stony street.

Cherished while work brought his owner gain,
To strangers left in this hour of pain;
Deserted now that his task is over;
Not for his old days are the fields of clover.

Not for him will the field lark sing,
Not for him the lush grasses spring;
Nor to him will liberty come,
In his tired old age, in some country home.

Here he must suffer—here he must die
Under the midsummer's scorching sky.
Him the broad shade tree will never woo;
He has known but the pavement his whole life through

Still we in our vaunted pride of soul
Conceive no future, no restful goal,
No ethereal pasture in regions blest
Where the poor old horse may in spirit rest.
—Chicago Ledger.

ONE NIGHT OF HORROR.

One night I went to bed with glossy brown hair, and the face of a girl of 18; next morning I left my room with hair as gray as it is now, though forty-two years have passed away since then.

In one night an awful horror struck me suddenly with the weight of scores of years.

My father was a Mr. Marriot, a ship broker, who lived in Russell square with his family, consisting of my mother and four children, of whom I was the eldest. One morning, in the December of 1842, while we were sitting at breakfast, my mother said, as she finished reading a letter which had just been delivered, 'It's from Judith. She wants Ellen to go and stay a month at The Willows. But I do not like the idea. She never even called on us when she came back to England last summer. Besides, we have known almost nothing of her for years past."

"Oh! I should like immensely to see Aunt Judith," I cried.

"But you have never seen, and don't know anything about her," replied my mother. "It is nearly ten years now since I saw her, and she didn't leave a very pleasant impression on my mind. I had not seen her, of course, since I was a child, but, as I have often told you, there was something curious and weird about her that was not to my liking. In fact, she did not seem like a sister of mine."

Aunt Judith was my mother's elder sister by fifteen years. When she was about twenty she married a German baron who was a professor in a university. Why it was nobody knew, but some two years or so after her marriage Aunt Judith became very apathetic as regarded her relations in England, and but rarely corresponded with them.

Her husband, the baron and professor, died about three years before the time of which I speak. Mourning cards were unknown in those days; still she might have sent a word to inform her sister of her bereavement. To our great astonishment, it was only from a friend who attended his funeral that we heard, casually, that he was dead and that she was a widow.

Well, both my father and my mother were unwilling to let me go to The Willows: my mother, because she had, or seemed to me to have, a prejudice against her sister; my father, for no reason that I could make out, except that he echoed my mother. At all events, I overcame their opposition at last, and started, one fine, or rather gloomy, morning—for the clouds were dark and heavy, I remember, as I left London—for The Willows, a mansion in Warwickshire which had been left to my Aunt Judith by my grandfather. Traveling was slower in those days than it is now, and it was not until nearly 6 o'clock in the evening that I drove, in the lumbering coach which conveyed me, up the dreary carriage path which led to The Willows.

Aunt Judith had only returned to live there during the past six months, so I was not surprised to find the place in a very untidy state. Such, at least, was my impression from what I saw through the darkness of the evening.

Things, however, seemed to change for the better when we drew up at the house itself. It was a great, straggling building, which had stood for more than a century, and was cold and forbidding to look at from the outside. But from the windows, and what I could see of the hall, it seemed to be well lit, warm and well appointed within. A female servant came out to meet me as the coach stopped at the door.

"Mlle. Marriot?" she inquired, in a German voice, as I descended.

"Yes," I replied.

"Ah! your aunt would like well to see you," she said. "I shall take you to her. She is dressing for dinner." I followed her up stairs, and into a large bedroom. Standing before a glass at the end of the room was a tall woman whom, from the description I had heard of her, I immediately recognized as Aunt Judith.

Her figure was very erect, almost majestic, but her face puzzled me. The features were very regular, and clearly drawn. There was in them a considerable amount of power, and yet, what I could not understand, a curious, wizened, almost craven expression, which just bordered on being sinister. I was only a girl at the time, and knew nothing of physiognomy, but, instinctively, I felt a sense of uneasiness as I met her keen gray eyes, which seemed never to rest for a moment, but to wander about as if at the bidding of an uneasy spirit, though her demeanor was otherwise curiously calm and self possessed.

"Your room is not ready yet, but it will be presently," she said, when we had greeted each other; "you can dress here. We have a few friends to dinner to night. Your parents are well, I hope."

'Your parents!" and this in allusion to her own sister, whom she had not seen for years! Her greeting—in fact, her manner, everything about her—was perfectly polite, but strangely cold.

"Yes," I replied, "they are quite well, thank you."

"You can come down stairs when you are ready," she continued, as she stood before the glass, giving the last touches to her toilet. "Dinner will be on the table in about twenty minutes. I had better go down—they will be waiting for me," saying which she left the room.

A curious woman, I thought, when she was gone; and, altogether, I did not care much about her—perhaps, also, I was a little sorry that, against the wishes of my parents, I had come to The Willows at all. When I came into the drawing room I found a party of about a dozen people assembled there. There were, besides my aunt and an elderly German lady, who was a relative of her late husband, the clergyman of the parish with his wife and two daughters, the local doctor—a good looking young man of about six or seven and twenty; the squire and three or four others, who, like myself, were staying on a visit at the house. Dinner passed very pleasantly. We had music and a dance when the gentlemen came up stairs. Altogether I enjoyed myself very much, and it was past midnight when we rose from the supper table. One thing I did notice almost unconsciously during the evening, and this was a strange, absent, and at the same time searching, expression which sometimes came upon Aunt Judith's face. It was as though she were looking at or for something which was invisible to everybody else.

Well, when supper was over, and those of the guests who were leaving the house had taken their departure, I went with Aunt Judith to her bedroom, "to see," she said, "whether Sophia had got my room ready yet."

Sophia was waiting for us when we entered the room, and my aunt and she immediately began to talk in German. What they were saying I could not tell, as I did not understand the language; but somehow, from their manner or the tone of their voices, it seemed to me as if they were discussing something which they did not want me to know about. At last my aunt said to me in English:

"My dear, I am sorry the room I had intended for you is not ready yet. It will be ready to-morrow, but for to-night you must sleep in another room."

Here Sophia said something in German, and after a moment's pause Aunt Judith said, as if in answer:

"The blue room. Yes, my dear," she continued, speaking to me, "it is an old fashioned room, but very comfortable. Sophia will show you to it. Good night, dear."

Again the curious look I had noticed before came over her face as I left the room with Sophia, who walked before me with a candle.

We went up a flight of stairs that led to a part of the building which seemed to be but little used. At the top of these stairs there was a long narrow passage, the walls of which were lined with oak panels. When we got to the end of this passage we turned to the right and went a few yards down another and similar passage, until the servant opened a door that led into a spacious bedchamber.

Having put the candle on the mantelpiece, and laid my traveling bag, which she carried with her, on the floor, she looked curiously round the room, and then, when she had bidden me good night, went out and shut the door. I felt very nervous as I looked about the apartment, which seemed to be in an uninhabited part of the large house, and was furnished, I thought, in an antique and rather grewsome manner. The lofty walls, paneled as they were with wood painted blue, contrasted strangely with the heavy silk window curtains, which were of a dark red color, and with some old portraits in oil that hung in massive oak and ebony frames. The chairs and tables were all cumbrous and old fashioned, and, as to the bed, it almost frightened me to think of sleeping in it, so vast and gloomy did it look with its huge canopy and somber curtains.

It is not easy to go to sleep at once during the first night of one's stay in a strange house, especially if anything has happened to make the mind uneasy and suspicious. For a long time I lay awake wondering at the curious look I had seen on Aunt Judith's face, and shivering, now and again, as I thonght how far away I was from the rest of the household. If I were to be taken suddenly ill, or if anything were to happen to me during the night, what could I do? There was a bell rope in the room, but I had forgotten to ask Sophia whether it communicated with a bell, and, if so, whether there was any one to answer my ring. Isolated as I was in this large and gloomy chamber, my mind was agitated with vague fears, and it must have been nearly two hours before I got to sleep.

How long this state lasted I do not know, when suddenly I awoke. In a moment I was wide awake, staring before me into the black darkness and listening intently to the profound about me. Why was I doing this? I asked myself, but could not give any answer. Something must have happened to awake me. What was it? I wondered. I looked and listened. There was only blackness and silence.

For many seconds I lay thus peering and listening, and was just on the point of shutting my eyes again, when, glaring at them through the darkness, I saw two other eyes, and hot on my cheek came the breath of something—man, or beast, or monster! I drew my head some inches back; the eyes, to which mine were riveted, advanced. I felt a form bending over the side of the bed. It stopped. The eyes stopped, the form became motionless. In the pure agony of the moment—actuated by that alone—I rose a little in my bed, and bent my head forward; the form also rose, and the eyes, which were still fastened to mine, retreated. As they did so, to my unutterable horror I discerned the outline of a human face!

It was within a few inches of my own; and now my eyes, becoming accustomed to the darkness, could see that it was covered with hair. There was a dreadful gibber—such as might come from an ape or a dumb man in pain—and before my fascinated gaze flashed two rows of shining teeth. The creature—monster or maniac—was by my side, ready, waiting to spring upon me. Hot upon my face came its breath, while the awful eyes shone like the eyes of a tiger. It was on the spring—to tear me limb from limb. Just one thing stayed it. Just one thing was keeping off the awful death that threatened me. In all the ecstasy of my terror I comprehended what that one thing was. It was the power of my eyes. I was fighting an eye battle with the monster.

Into its dreadful eyes I gazed, as though I was gazing into the very gates of hell. Like the eyes of a wild beast, they seemed ever restlessly pouring forth a tumultuous torrent of passion, and ever restlessly in search of mine, which yet they shrank from when they met. Constantly as they did so there was the same hideous, inarticulate gibber of baffled rage.

Thus some two or three hours at least must have passed until the daylight began to steal in through the curtains, which were only partly drawn.

When the light came the sight before me was even more horrible than my imagination had conjured in the dark. Crouching by the side of the large bed, between the window and me, was a man. But such a man! A tall man in a flowing gown, with long, matted, unkempt yellow hair and beard, his face deadly white, but every muscle in it throbbing in convulsive sympathy with the fires that blazed from his wild and awful eyes!

Minute after minute passed, though I took no heed of them. All my thought, all my strength was concentrated into the one weapon I had—my eyes. Still, I felt at last that I could not prolong the battle much longer. What was I to do? My strength was giving way. The monster or maniac was becoming more and more excited, foaming at the lips and uttering short, sharp cries, while his long, cruel fingers worked convulsively, as though they were impatient to be on their prey.

So long as I could ward him off with my eyes, he dared not approach me nearer; directly, through faintness, I dropped them, he would fall upon me and tear me to pieces. My strength was going. A look of exultation came upon his face. The daylight had lasted for a long time. Oh, God! would no one ever come? I could hold out no longer. His glare of triumph increased. My eyes were getting dim. His face was getting nearer and more exulting.

It seemed as though another spirit came suddenly into my body—I was hardly conscious of what I did—looking into his eyes with a strength that did not seem to be mine, I rose in my bed, bent forward my body, eye to eye, drove the creature back till he was more than a yard from the bed—slipped from the bed—gave one spring—caught the handle of the door, and was in the passage running. There was an awful noise behind me of wild yells and laughter and pursuing feet. As I fled, screaming, down flight after flight of stairs, it grew nearer and nearer. The monster was upon me. A number of people seemed to be about me. I heard shouts and blows—a confused trampling, shouting and scuffling—and then all was dark.

When I awoke I was in bed. I had been very ill for many days, they said. It was a long time before I was allowed to see a looking glass; when I did, I found that my beautiful brown hair was gray. It had changed its color in that one awful night. The maniac was Aunt Judith's only child, who had escaped during the night from the room where he was confined. Aunt Judith, and the baron when he was alive, had secretly kept the poor creature since it had been discovered during its infancy to be insane. The constant sorrow and anxiety which it entailed was, I may add, the cause of most of what was strange about Aunt Judith.—Saturday Review and Republic.

Camped on a Volcano.

A special dispatch from the City of Mexico states that William B. Richardson, the young Boston naturalist, has finished his work in the Sierra Nevada mountains, and on the active volcano of Colima, where he has been camped for the last two months. From the extreme summit of the Sierra Nevada he could look down into the crater of the volcano. There were every five hours or more signs of activity, great clouds of vapor, gas and ashes coming up with magnificent effect and rising to a tremendous height. But from the Sierra Nevada no sound could be heard.

Richardson, being determined to investigate nearer at hand, moved his camp to the side of the volcano at great personal risk, pitching his tent at the upper line of pine trees and just below the lower lines of ashes and lava. From this point Richardson and his Indian followers could hear the sounds of the volcano.

One night during the eruption they could distinctly see the deep red glow of molten lava as it ran down the mountain. Richardson was regarded by the natives as phenomenally daring, but his expedition resulted in no harm to himself or to his party.—Boston Cor. New York Herald.

The Muscle Shoals Canal.

The obstruction known as the Muscle Shoals, in the Tennessee river, which covered about 23 miles out of the 453 between Chattanooga and Paducah, at its mouth, are at length overcome by means of locks and dams built by the general government, and the river is now open so that boats loaded at New Orleans can at all times proceed to Chattanooga, and most of the time to Knoxville. The distance from Chattanooga to New Orleans is 1,601 miles, as against 2,067 from Pittsburg and 1,567 from Cincinnati, and it is claimed the coal freights from Chattanooga to New Orleans will be between 80 and 90 cents, as against $1.05 from Pittsburg. The improvement of this short piece of the river has been more or less under construction for sixty years.—New York Telegram.

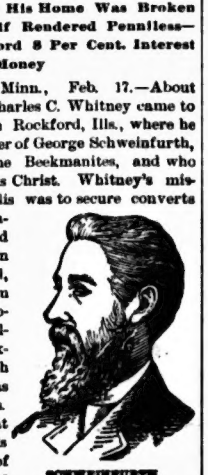
SCHWEINFURTH'S WAY.

Some Inside History of the Beekmanite Leader.

CLAIMS TO BE THE SUPREME BEING.

A Young Girl Kidnaped from Minneapolis and Taken to "Zion"—An Ex-Convert Tells How His Home Was Broken Up and Himself Rendered Penniless—Paying the Lord 8 Per Cent. Interest for Borrowed Money

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Feb. 17.—About three years ago Charles C. Whitney came to Minneapolis from Rockford, Ills., where he had been a follower of George Schweinfurth, the leader of the Beekmanites, and who claims to be Jesus Christ. Whitney's mission to Minneapolis was to secure converts to the Schweinfurth creed, and he succeeded in rallying a band, several of whom live in a commodious looking dwelling at 3245 Sixteenth avenue south where Whitney has his headquarters. It is asserted that Whitney controls all the property of the women who follow him. He has been the means of breaking up at least one family, where the man and wife had lived happily together for twenty-eight years, and has, according to the step-mother's statement, kidnaped a young girl and sent her to "Zion," in Rockford, and her parents have been unable to remove her.



SCHWEINFURTH.

Taken to "Zion."

Mrs. Chase and Lottie Chase, the wife and daughter of Engineer Charles Chase, of the Milwaukee railroad, who lives at 3020 Eighteen and a Half avenue, south, tell the following story: "Mr. Chase had two children, Lottie and Ruthie, by the first wife, who was a daughter of Mrs. Bushnell, a follower of Whitney. Lottie is with us, but Mrs. Bushnell succeeded in getting Ruthie, the 13-year-old daughter, to go to live at Whitney's. Neither Mr. Chase nor myself believed that it was a fit place for a girl to be, and he went there and told Whitney that unless he sent her home he would prosecute him. Instead of sending her home he sent her to Rockford, Ills., or "Zion," as those people call it. We have written letters to her, but we are sure she never received them, as all mail is opened before it is delivered by the man who calls himself Christ. Not satisfied with having Ruthie in their clutches they have attempted to take Lottie too.

An Ex-Convert's Story.

Lottie, an intelligent looking young girl, corroborates the story. T. C. Morgan, of 1310 Franklin avenue, whose wife is now an inmate of Whitney's place, is outspoken in his denunciation of the man who has broken up his once happy home.

"I, myself, was at one time a convert to Schweinfurth, and thought he was just what he professed to be—Christ, the Son of God. My wife and I were both getting along in years and I thought it was our duty to recognize Christ if he had really come to the earth the second time. I had a good business here, but we sold out and went to 'Zion.' Schweinfurth received us with open arms and told us our mission was to work for the Lord, and that he was the Lord. We, poor fools, believed him. We opened a restaurant in Rockford, Ills., and I followed the business of selling hulled corn.

Gave Up All to Schweinfurth.

For a long time we made an average of $70 per month above our expenses, every cent of which had to be turned over to Schweinfurth. When we went into business I borrowed $300 in cash from Schweinfurth and paid him interest at the rate of 8 per cent., just the same as I would any other man, and when I asked him if that was the way in which the Lord did business, he answered that it was. I paid him back the money. After awhile our business commenced to fall off and it looked as if we would become a charge rather than a benefit to Schweinfurth. He knew we had formerly been in business in Minneapolis, and he told us that we would have to go back and earn a living for ourselves. I had a horse and wagon which I used in my business that I sold for $50. The money I turned over to the Lord. When I started for Minneapolis with my wife Schweinfurth gave me $30 and that was every cent I had in the world except some real estate in this city which I had not surrendered.

Broke Away from the Faith.

Schweinfurth appointed Whitney his apostle for Minneapolis, and Whitney is the Christ for Minneapolis now. He assumes absolute control of all his people, and they believe he is the Supreme Being. He does not allow them to read the newspapers or to correspond with outside parties. He threatens those who disobey him with eternal damnation, and so implicitly do they believe that he controls their hereafter that he is never disobeyed, unless some one like myself or the eight others who have broken away from him realize the fact that he is not what he claims to be. My wife and I lived together happily for over twenty-eight years. When I broke away from the faith I tried to get her to go with me, but she was under the influence of Whitney, and what would now be a happy home is broken up."

Return of a Wanderer.

RICHMOND, Ind., Feb., 17.—Platt Robinson, a young man of this city, disappeared the 1st of last September while summering at Lake City, Minn. It was at first supposed that he had been drowned in Lake Pepin. Then it was supposed that he had become an aimless wanderer, his mind affected by a sunstroke. His father spent money without stint searching for him, and finally the family concluded that he was dead. Saturday night the young man came in from the west, and his appearance Sunday morning created a sensation. He had wandered into the Indian territory and Texas, and back as far as Kansas City, when a few days ago his reason returned and he started for home.

Spirited Away His Effects.

DULUTH, Minn., Feb. 17.—A few months ago M. W. Glenn, moved his boiler works from Minneapolis to West Duluth. Since coming here he has been troubled with numerous attachments. At midnight Saturday he began moving his plant on the ice across the bay into West Superior, and as no process could be served on Sunday he got everything across without molestation. The building is all that remains, and that does not belong to Mr. Glenn.

Respited by the Governor.

LANCASTER, Pa., Feb. 17.—John W. Pudy, the parricide sentenced to be hanged next Thursday, has been respited by Governor Beaver to April 9

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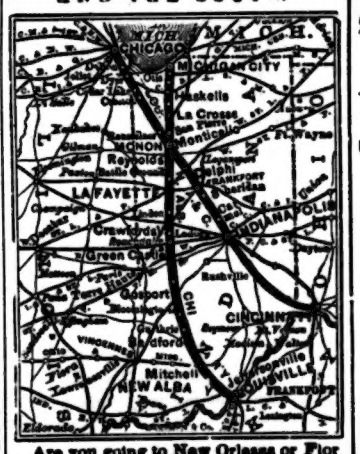

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THAT ENGLISH MUMMY.

A RESPECTABLE RIVAL OF THE EGYPTIAN ARTICLE.

Bald, but Otherwise Perfect—Two Hundred Years Dead—A Famous Place of Worship — The Mummy in His Case. Why They Jabbed It.

It seems more than curious that his history has not been written. It is simply extraordinary that even his place of residence is known to so few among the many thousands who pass and repass it every day. It is true that for about one hundred and fifty years he was secluded from the world, in fact, dead to it; but for forty years he has been upon exhibition. For forty years he has been a subject of great interest to a comparatively small circle, and during that period he has never shown signs of temper even under circumstances that might be warranted to ruffle the composure of a "bearded lady" at a circus. In various parts of the United Kingdom the mere fact of having been born a century ago is considered sufficient to account for any quantity of notoriety. Yet in this article the intention is to tell something about a person who was born, probably, two centuries ago, and who, it can be easily proved, has not in forty years moved a muscle.

Some days ago a discussion took place in the public prints on the subject of mummies. In a discussion of the kind it could hardly be expected that the Egyptian brand would be overlooked, but if reference had been made only to the Egyptian article little would remain to be said, for Rameses II, as a mummy, has really received quite as much prominence as he deserves.

There is a mummy that can hold its own against all comers on exhibition in a very modest way in the church of St. James, Garlickhithe, or Garlickhyve, or Garlickhythe, for the name is spelt in three ways. It was so named, according to an old chronicle: "For that of old time, on the River Thames, near to the church, garlick was usually sold." The thoroughfare that bounds the church building on the west is still known as Garlick Hill. Not long ago an old house that stood near the church was demolished. In digging a cellar for a modern structure on the old site several piles were found. These piles were of the peculiar greenish hue that wood which has been a long time in salt or brackish water always obtains. The ground in the vicinity of the church is of chalk formation.

So many parishioners were buried in the little church yard that it was decided, about forty years ago, to cover the diminutive cemetery with a heavy coating of concrete. Before this was done a large number of bodies were disturbed. Those engaged in the work were surprised to find that, while the coffins had been reduced almost to dust, the bodies inclosed in lead lining were in a state of almost perfect preservation.

With one exception the bodies were reinterred. The exception had suffered somewhat from exposure to the atmosphere and perhaps from careless handling, but it is today wonderfully well preserved. The identity of this English mummy could not be discovered, for the coffin in which it had been incased had crumbled away, and had not been furnished, apparently, with a plate. The soil, it is supposed, had dried up the animal tissue by absorbing every particle of water, and thus prevented putrefaction.

At any rate, the mummy that can be seen at St. James (Garlickhithe) church shows no signs of decay today, though it has been out of the ground forty years, and had been in mayhap 150 years or more. Just within the entrance to the church, on the south or Thames street side, is a plain wooden case. It is about 6 feet in height, 2 feet in breadth and 18 inches in depth.

"You want to see the mummy, I suppose?" said the sexton, Robert Sharp, when I presented myself at the church yesterday. Without more ado he opened the wooden case. Inside the wooden door was a glass front that no key would open.

Inside the glass, gazing pensively through eyeless sockets at a flagstone that was a little darker than its fellows, was the English mummy.

The skin would have been white but for a pale yellow tinge. The skin was everywhere smooth and intact. The figure was that of a young man who must have stood six feet in height and been of fine proportions. The shoulders were broad, the arms long and powerful looking. Every finger and toe was perfect. Both hands and feet must have been small. That the figure was that of a young man seems certain from its general appearance, but more particularly from the small size and excellently preserved condition of the teeth. There had been hair upon the head when the body was exhumed, but atmospheric influences had destroyed every vestige of it. Unless the visitor looks closely at the head an impression will be carried away that there is still hair upon it. This impression will be due to a network of cobwebs which is yearly growing thicker. When the body was taken from the ground the teeth were perfectly white. They are gradually turning black.

"The glass front was put in the case," Sexton Sharp said, "to prevent visitors from jabbing the mummy with fingers, canes or umbrellas."

"Why did they jab the mummy?"

Sexton Sharp said he supposed "they wanted to hear his insides rattle." He then explained that while handling the mummy he and others had discovered that the intestines had become shriveled, and would make a noise like a kettledrum when the mummy was shaken.

Not a great many people visit the church to see the mummy, the sexton said. For people who did not live in the city the church was in an out of the way place, he supposed. He had heard that the mummy was 200 years old, but could not certify to that of his personal knowledge, for he was only 43 years of age, and had "been around the church only about forty years."—London Herald.

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St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fols, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

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Div. No. 8—James P Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m in Eigeman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 96 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley, Rec. Sec., John Hoban, 396 W Indiana st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche. Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall. Loch st and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 267 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 61 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3736 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Hensly; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 3736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Lofgus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts. V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas Mulcare. Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 72 Archer av, V.-P., C A Reedy, Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3331 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell. Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queely's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1200 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—Pres. William J. Dougherty, 47th st. and Centre av.; V.-P., J. McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., Thomas Baker, 4714 Loomis st.; Fin. Sec., James Doherty; Treas., Patrick Grace. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 229 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J Graham, Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div No. 26—Pres. John McHenus, 5229 Wentworth av; V. P. J P Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st and Wentworth-av.

Div 28—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1026 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3100 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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A 15-lb pail Large No. 1 White Fish for	90 cents	Round kegs Imported Holland Herring for	90 cents
A 15-lb pail No. 1 Lake Trout for	70 cents	Smoked Salmon, per lb	14 cents
A 15-lb pail Round Labridor Herring for	54 cents	Medium Scaled Herring, per box	20 cents
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Self Devouring.

A strange and really dramatic situation is one described by the author of "Obeah," a little book which treats of West Indian life. Insects and reptiles are abundant in the West Indies, and one soon gets well acquainted with certain small, bright green lizards, which are perfectly harmless and very lively. These little creatures are quite tame, and when caught by the tail they slip away, leaving that appendage behind them.

I was once sitting in the veranda, watching a little green lizard darting about after the flies. It became bold, and in one of its quick movements jumped on my foot. I made a sudden snatch, and caught the little fellow by the tail. Giving a wriggle, he darted off, leaving that portion of his property in my hands, and, having no use for it, I dropped it on the floor and resumed my book.

Presently I looked down and saw that a lot of ants had found the piece of tail, and were hurrying off with their treasure as fast as they could. When they had dragged it almost to their hole I noticed my little green friend, a few inches away, intently eying his missing property. The ants were just giving a final pull toward their nest, when the lizard suddenly made a dart upon them, seized his bit of tail, and swallowed it with evident gusto.

Eating the First Oyster.

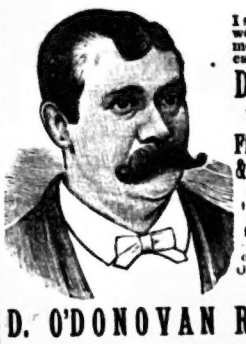
Is has been often said that he must have been a bold man who first ate an oyster. This is said in ignorance of the legend which assigns the first act of oyster eating to a very natural cause.

It is related that a man, walking one day, picked up one of these savory bivalves just as it was in the act of gaping. Observing the extreme smoothness of the interior of the shells, he insinuated his finger between them that he might feel their shining surface, when suddenly they closed upon the exploring digit with a sensation less pleasurable than he anticipated.

The prompt withdrawal of his finger was scarcely a more natural movement than its transfer to his mouth. It is not very clear why people when they hurt their fingers put them into their mouths; but it is very certain that they do; and in this case the result was most fortunate.

The owner of the finger tasted oyster juice for the first time, as the Chinaman in Elia's essay having burnt his finger first tasted crackling. The savor was delicious; he had made a great discovery; so he picked up the oysters, forced open the shells, banqueted upon their contents, and soon brought oyster eating into fashion.

And, unlike most fashions, it has never gone, and is never likely to go out.



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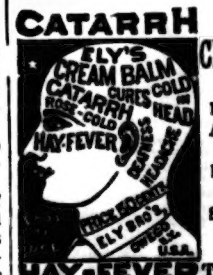

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ESTATE OF WILLIAM LUBECKER, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of William Labecker, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1890, being the 17th day thereof.

BARBARA LUBECKER, Administratrix.

Dated Chicago, January 22, 1890.

James O'Connell, Solicitor for Administratrix.

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ESTATE OF BERNARD DONNELLY, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Bernard Donnelly, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April A. D. 1890, being the 21st day thereof.

MARY A. DONNELLY, Administratrix.

Dated Chicago, February 4, 1890.

David Sullivan, Attorney

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—Circuit Court of Cook County. March Term, A. D. 1890. William Murray vs Patrick Murray, Michael Murray, Edward Murray, Andrew Murray, John Murray and James Cruikshank. In Chancery, No. 79,951.

Notice is hereby given to the said James Cruikshank that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March A. D. 1890, as is by law required and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.

David Sullivan and J. B. Heffernan, Complainant's Solicitors

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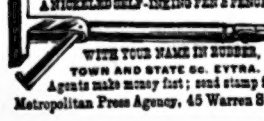

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